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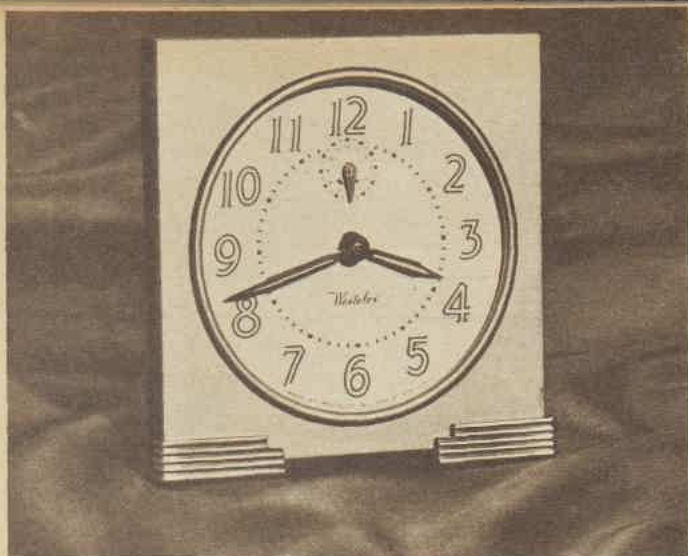
APRIL 30, 1952

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YOUNG WEP
painted by his father

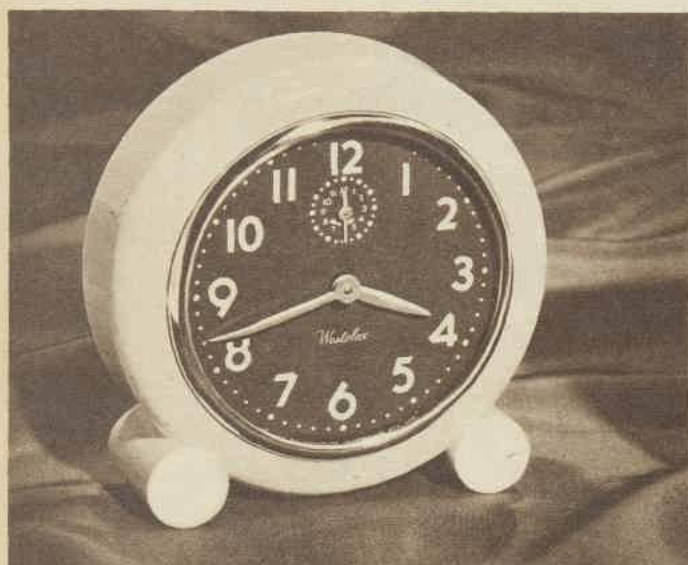
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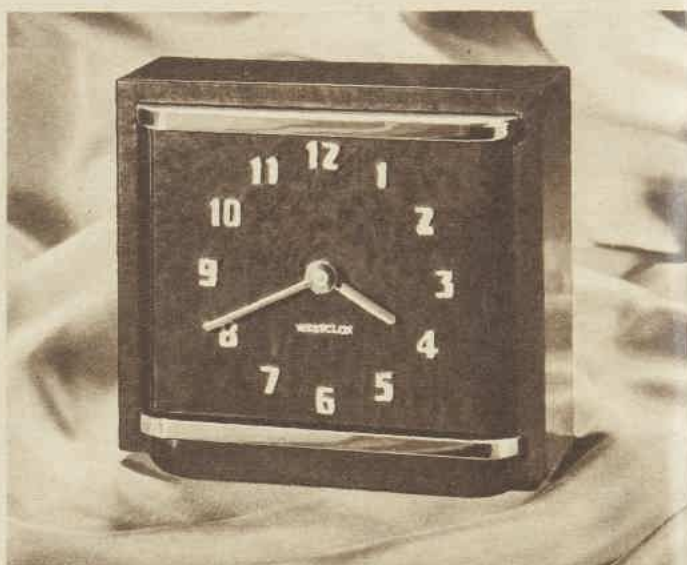
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Arrogant Male

By Richard Stern

He fancied himself at managing females — either yachts or lovely, quick-tempered girls.

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNNE DAVIES



BARNEY MARLOWE took the yawl Westerly out again soon after the finish of the race, steadied her on a north-east course, close-hauled, and held her so until they picked up the favorable westerlies.

He rode a good blow hard all one later night under small jib and mizzen, which was entirely too much canvas for the taste of the crew, none of whom could sleep or even stay dry below.

"I tell you, fellows," Barney said, "I'm in a hurry, if you hadn't noticed before." And he sat at the wheel for ten unrelieved hours of howling darkness, steering by the seas and by the feel of the wind upon his face.

At ten o'clock they rounded Point Fernin and headed for home. The crew, to a man, breathed their relief.

From the porch of the house overlooking the harbor, Eve saw them come up the channel under full sail, Barney again at the wheel. She watched them come about smartly and sail through the yacht-club moorings like a shark through a school of sardines.

At the precise moment, Barney put the wheel over, came up into the wind, and lost way. The man in the bow had merely to lean over and pick up the mooring float as a man picks up a stone from a beach.

George, standing behind Eve, said, "Neat."

"If he'd missed," she said, "with all that sail up, and the engine not even turning over—"

"But he didn't miss," George said. He was smiling at her. "It seems to me that I have seen you two come in here in Westerly with everything set that would draw wind, and pull the same stunt." He paused there. "Or am I being too parental?"

"I was young then," Eve said, "and foolish."

"And now you're a big girl, and your childish toys are put away."

Womanlike, she shifted the argument a little. "It's your boat," she said, "and I should think that you'd—that you and Barney—"

"Barney and I," George said. "You introduced us, don't forget. And you were in love with him."

"He changed it all," Eve said. "I didn't."

"You're going to tell him?"

"As soon as he gets here."

Barney arrived very soon, grinning cheerfully, his sea bag over his shoulder. "Hi," he said. "The prodigal returns."

Eve turned from him, ignoring the

cheerful greeting, moving towards the front room.

"You're back in a hurry," she said. "None of the others are home yet."

"I pushed along. I wanted to get here," he said. And then George was in the room, too, with a shaker in one hand and the other held out, and a large smile on his face.

"Welcome home," George said, "and thanks for the win."

"We were lucky," Barney said.

"We caught some wind the others missed." But his eyes were on Eve.

"I sort of expected you'd be there when we came in."

She said, "At Honolulu, you mean."

"Yes." He looked from her to George, back to her again.

George raised his glass. "Here's luck!" He drank deeply, and Barney followed, and they both looked at Eve.

"All right," she said, looking straight at Barney. "I'm engaged."

"A fine fellow," George said; "what we used to call in my day 'a catch.' Upstanding, conscientious, well on his way to being a magnate. Bruce is none of your low type."

Barney was grinning again. "Is that all it is?" he said. "I thought it was something serious." He watched Eve take a deep breath, watched her open her mouth. He beat her to it. "Have you told him about her temper, George? About her tantrums? About her liking for low company—fishermen and such?"

"I haven't," George said. "I thought I'd let him see for himself. I've always found—"

The door slammed, and Eve was gone.

"Well," George said.

"Well," said Barney, and the grin was gone, and the emptiness he had come to know recently returned.

"Well," George said, "there it is. Do you want your job back? It's there, you know, if you want it."

"Singing commercials?" Barney said. "Okaying copy for perfume ads? Thank you, no."

One week later George was sitting in Barney's living-room, watching Barney at work upon an illustration.

"She's sulking up in town," he said.

"How do you know she's sulking?" Barney said. "It doesn't sound like her."

"What else would she be doing?"

"Gadding with what's-his-name."

"Bruce," George said. "Bruce Howard Wilson, and what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," Barney said. He turned away from the painting.

"Why don't you get her down here for the week-end? You're her father."

"What you imply," George said, "is a conceit I gave up years ago."

"Maybe if you broke your arm—"

Barney began. He stopped there, watching the smile spreading on George's face. "Well?"

"I think," George said, "that I feel an attack of ulcers coming on. A really violent attack. Poor old father, flat on his back in bed, and right in the middle of his vacation, too." He was smiling at Barney now. "A Martini or two," he said, "might aggravate the condition."

By evening, the condition was aggravated. George got into pyjamas and into bed. He phoned Eve. "Just wondered, my dear," he said. His voice was weak. "I hadn't heard from you."

"What's the matter with you?" Eve said.

"Nothing. Nothing at all." He sighed audibly.

"Your ulcers?"

"Well," George said, "maybe a little. Nothing much. Don't worry about it, my dear."

"I'm not worrying," Eve said.

"You're old enough to take care of yourself." Her voice took on an edge. "It serves you right. You were

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"You're back in a hurry," Eve said, ignoring Barney's cheerful greeting.

fine—you've been fine ever since you went down there. Then Barney comes back, and—"

"Get into bed," she said in a rush.

"I am in bed."

"Then stay there. And send Barney home. And stop pretending that you're seventeen years old."

"Yes, my dear," said George. He hung up. He reached for his drink.

He looked at Barney.

"Maybe it wasn't such a good idea," he said. "What do you say to a trip—Tahiti or one of the islands in the Caribbean? We could sail Westerley down there, couldn't we?"

"We could sail Westerley anywhere," Barney said.

"And you could paint and write your infant literature there as well as any-place else, couldn't you?"

George said. There was a dreamy expression on his face.

"I could retire," he sighed. "I could wear a big white hat and smoke thin cigars. You've got charts, haven't you?"

"I've got charts of just about everywhere," Barney said.

"Let's look at them," George said. He got out of bed and led the way.

And so it was that Eve, in a long

dress and with worry on her face, followed by Bruce Howard Wilson, having tried her own house and found it empty, moved with unerring knowledge to the small house next door, and went in without knocking.

She stood looking down at the spectacle of her father, in pyjamas still, and bare of foot, on hands and knees amidst a sea of charts and pilot books, following with intense care the route that Barney's finger traced up the Caribbean from the coast of Venezuela.

"The one in pyjamas," Eve said, "is my father. You've met him. The other one—the one in dungarees—"

She paused there as Barney and George stared up at her. "His playmate," she said.

Bruce held out his hand. "How do you do?"

When Barney walked into the house next morning they were at breakfast, George at the head of the table, looking as if nothing had happened, Eve silent at her place, Bruce, in flannels and a blue polo shirt, smiling politely at his coffee.

George said, "Good morning, Barney. You slept well, I trust?"

"Beautifully." He pulled up a chair, sat down.

"Do join us," Eve said. "Do sit down."

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

Now Your Skin Can "Breathe" Through Face Powder!



All "living" things need air...
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You want your complexion to be exquisitely fresh—radiantly alive. But how can it be if you "smother" it? Heavy make-up and ordinary face powder stifle natural loveliness as surely as though your skin had stopped breathing.

Coty Airspun Face Powder, blended with air by the remarkable Airspun process, is so incredibly fine and soft that it covers beautifully without "smothering"... actually permits air to reach your skin. And how it clings! Far longer than ordinary make-up. You'll see and feel the difference the very first time you dip your puff into "Airspun."

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7/6 BOX

8 Enchanting Shades
5 Distinguished Perfumes

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BARNEY sat down and smiled at Bruce. "You mustn't mind me," he said. "I'm one of the family."

"Oh," said Bruce. "Yes, George sort of raised us together. That is, he raised me, and I raised Eve." He looked at Eve, looked back to Bruce. "Did she ever tell you—"

"You be quiet," said Eve. "They're a couple of clowns, Bruce, in case you hadn't noticed." She pushed back her chair. "If you're ready. The breeze is up, and we'll have a good sail. Bruce and I," she added, "are going out alone. ... Aren't we, Bruce?"

"Why," Bruce said, "of course. If you want to, Eve. I—I'm not much of a sailor, you know."

George said, "I think we'll all go out, Eve."

They rode out to Westerly in the yacht-club launch. They climbed aboard, opened the hatches and got out the cockpit cushions. Around them the fleet bobbed quietly, hemming them in.

Barney smiled at Bruce. "Nice boat," he said. "Very comfortable, very able."

"It—it seems nice," Bruce said.

Barney shook his head. "She. Boats are feminine."

"Sorry," Bruce said.

"Not at all. They say," Barney said, "that it's because the rigging costs more than the hull."

George laughed.

"Very funny," Eve said. She tucked her hand through Bruce's arm. "Let's go below," she said, "while these two clown their way out into the channel."

"Isn't there something I could do?" Bruce said. "If I stayed up here, I mean. Something to help? A rope I could pull, perhaps?"

Eve said, "I like you the way you are, all dry and nice."

Barney started the engine. George cast off, and Barney backed down, swung around from the mooring line, wound absently out towards the channel. He thought of Bruce, and he thought of Eve, remembering her at thirteen when he had seen her first, solemn-eyed and worshipful; and remembering her later, too.

George, leaning back against the coaming, squinted at the sky to the west. "Wind?" he said.

"Probably," Barney said. He stood up. "Take the wheel, and I'll see about getting some sail."

The jib Barney hauled out of the forward hatch was the genoa, mast-high and overlapping at the foot, a tremendous triangle of light canvas. George watched in silence, in silence steered out into the swells, rounded the jetty tip and came up on to the wind, and held her so.

Barney hoisted the jib, winched the luff taut, hoisted the main, came aft to the cockpit, breathing deeply, sweating a little, grinning. He hoisted the mizzen.

"Let's sail," he said, and his bare feet cut the switch, kicked the engine into neutral.

George put the wheel over, and the big jib stirred, lifted itself, and began to fill as Barney trimmed it. The booms swung over and the boat heeled, and the water took on a hissing sound as it flowed bubbling beneath their rail,

Arrogant Male

Continued from page 3

"Now we're living," Barney said. He was relaxed against the coaming, his bare feet outstretched.

George was looking at the companionway, watching Eve come up the ladder and into the cockpit. "Decided to join us?" he said.

"Something like that." She looked around, saw the big genoa, and she looked at Barney.

"You wanted a sail," Barney said.

She nodded, smiling a little.

George said, "Where's Bruce?"

Her smile disappeared. "All right," she said, "he isn't a sailor. What difference does that make?"

"None at all," George said. "There are all manner of folks who are not sailors. They live far inland. They farm. Where is he?"

"There's a lot more to living than sailing," Eve said. "Even if you don't think so."

"Funny," Barney said, "it seems to me that you used to—"

"I grew up," Eve said.

"Of course you did, my dear," said George. "We watched you. And a nerve-racking process it was. Where is Bruce? Not seasick, I hope."

EVE faced them defiantly. "You'd love it if he were, but he isn't. I asked him to stay below," she said, "while I killed my own snakes."

"Come now—" Barney began.

"Yes," said Eve. She kicked off her shoes, planted both feet solidly on the deck. "Can't you see what I want?" she said. "The kind of life I'm trying to get?" She looked at George.

"Your ulcers. Getting us down here because you weren't well. Look at you."

George looked aloft. His face was sombre. He moved the wheel a trifle. He said, "She's right, you know, Barney."

The change of pace, Barney thought, the soft answer which turneth away wrath. "Yes," he said. "Of course she is." He shook his head. "We're no good. No good at all. We're quite right to go away."

She looked from one to the other. "Away?"

"That's what we were planning last night," George said. "On the charts. The Caribbean somewhere."

Eve was frowning. She looked at Barney. He nodded. "George is going to wear a big white hat."

It carried conviction. It had the ring of truth. "You would, too. It's just the sort of thing you would do." She was looking at George. "And business?"

"Retire," George said. "What's to keep me? See my daughter married off and in good hands, and then sell out and retire. Why—" He stopped and smiled at Bruce, who stood in the companion-

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

way. "Come up," he said. "We're planning your future."

Bruce came up slowly. His face was pale.

"Sorry," he said. "A little stuffy below, and with the boat rolling—" He looked at Eve. "I hope I'm not interrupting."

"No," Eve said, still looking at George. "When are you—"

"Now, about the wedding," George said. He looked at Barney. "It would be better down here, I think," Barney nodded.

"Eve has so many friends down here," George said, "who couldn't afford to go up to town, whereas the guests from town all have—"

"Just what are you talking about?" Eve said. Bruce watched her.

"Why, your friends," Barney said. "Your wedding's going to be an event. Pete and Joe da Silva—" He smiled at Bruce. "They're tuna fishermen here. They practically grew up with Eve. And old Cap Robbins, the lobsterman, and the Gardners, there are seven of them—"

"The Gardners," Eve said. "If you think that—"

"They were good enough to go to sea with," Barney said.

"How many times have the taken you out fishing in the boat? And how about the time you put a hook through your thumb and they gave you a day's catch to bring you to the doctor?"

Eve said nothing.

"Eve always wanted to take Westerly on her honeymoon," George said. "Up the coast. But, of course—"

"Westerly won't be here," Barney said. "We'll be heading south."

"Shut up," Eve said. "Both of you, shut up!" She was looking at Bruce. "Don't you see what they're trying to do?"

"Do?" George said. "Why, my dear, we're only trying to help you plan—"

Bruce said, "Why, Eve, I think that—"

"You be quiet, too," Eve said. "No, I didn't mean that, I—I don't know what I mean."

She glared at George, but his eyes were aloft. She walked the length of the cockpit, leaned on her elbow on the cabin top. Over her shoulder she said, "The jib's luffing."

"Thank you, my dear," George said. He moved the wheel a trifle.

Barney said, "Maybe we'd better put back."

"Not for me, please," Bruce said. "I'm all right. Really."

Eve turned around. She said, "We would have been married already. If George's ulcers—"

"The poor little fellows are very unhappy in town," George said. "The food, perhaps, or—"

"Oh, be quiet," Eve said. She was facing Bruce now. "Don't just sit there," she said. "Can't you see what they're doing?"

"Yes," Bruce said, "of course I see, my dear." He was smiling and his face regained its normal color. "It's subtle," he said, "but reasonably clear. Reasonably effective, too."

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I'll never be sure

A dramatic short story
By **MARJORIE PHILPOT**

ILLUSTRATED BY GREEN

MADELINE VANETT was a big-boned woman of generous figure. Her greying curly hair was cut short, and her homely face was red and weatherbeaten. Apart from pinstriped sparkling brown eyes, she had no claim to beauty at all.

She was the wife of Doctor Vanett. Her one great sorrow was that she was childless. Her voice was as generous as her figure, loud and hearty, with broad Australian vowels. Doctor Vanett was altogether different. Tall, thin, and stooped, with a tired, drawn face. He spoke but little. I heard that Madeline and Lance Vanett had been childhood sweethearts, brought up side by side in some small country town.

When Lance Vanett left there to go to the University, there had been some youthful understanding that when he was through with medical school he would come back, and they would be married.

Six years away from a small country town and Lance naturally progressed, broadened mentally, while Madeline stayed small-town. She had trained as a nurse

in the local hospital. She adored Lance, of course. She had never looked at another man in her life. They were married with the whole town turning out to wish them luck.

It was said by some that Lance Vanett couldn't bear to hurt Madeline's feelings by breaking with her. I can understand that now. It would have taken a ruthless person to deliberately stamp out the light from those trusting brown eyes. And Lance was anything but ruthless.

After he married, Lance was assistant to an ageing doctor in one of Melbourne's poorer suburbs. Surgery appealed strongly to him. He got very little of it to do. The very poor have their appendixes and gall bladders removed at the big public hospitals. Lance had to deliver babies in tiny cramped rooms with a district nurse or hurriedly summoned midwife in attendance.

He kept check on innumerable diabetics. There were countless ailments in children arising from fetid sleeping quarters and insanitary backyards.

The depression was in its third appalling year, too, so money wasn't plentiful. But as Lance knew greater frustration with the passing months, Madeline was in her element. She went around with a bar of soap in one hand and food in the other. She scrubbed cottages right through from their crumbling front doorsteps to the tumbled back verandahs, and all the sick occupants in them. She'd pick unspeakably dirty toddlers from the floor and toss them joyfully in the air.

With a loaf of bread anchored under her arm, she'd slice pieces off, and liberally spread them with butter. The people adored her. When possible, the other doc-

tors' wives ignored her. Her hearty voice with the broad vowels offended their more cultured ears.

Lance missed one lucrative appointment after the other. It wasn't the money he minded so much. It was the chance to specialise. He had always been quiet. He became quieter still as the years went by. Other doctors who had graduated with him were soaring in the different branches of medicine they had chosen.

He drifted to the country. It was at Lake Gartok that I first met him . . . and his wife . . . I know now why he was there. I didn't then . . .

Lake Gartok is a natural drainage basin set high in the Dividing Range. Away back on the north arm of the lake where the great mountains come right down to the water, it is said that man has never penetrated more than a few yards from the shore. It is there that the wild deer come down to drink. Kangaroos and emus can be seen anywhere at sundown on any of the cleared patches.

The community at Lake Gartok is made up of small farmers, saw-millers, their wives and families and the men whom they employ. There are also many prospectors, old fellows mostly, with the fever of gold still in their veins.

For some time Doctor Vanett had toyed with the idea of opening a small hospital of four beds. He was seriously handicapped with the various accident cases that came in, many of them needing urgent surgical attention. It meant that these patients had to be driven down narrow roads, slippery and dangerous in winter, for thirty miles into the nearest hospital. Maternity cases, too, had to face the same ordeal.

He talked of his idea to the saw-millers and farmers. They were wholeheartedly behind him. Soon a small hospital was built. Doctor Vanett advertised for a nursing sister with the necessary qualifications to become his assistant. Such a position appealed strongly to me.

My application was accepted. One day in early spring I arrived at the Lake. The bus that brought me had climbed steadily for 18 miles. I had glimpsed plains to the east as wide as the sea, cut by a broad sparkling river. Coming from a long, leafy tunnel, giant boulders seemed to block the way. But the road turned sharply.

Suddenly, blue as the sky, the Lake came into view. Secret country, trees, fields, bush-crowned hills, and towering peak were all around me. I saw the hospital, white-painted and spotless, to the left of a green-roofed cottage. From the chimney a tall plume of smoke ascended, and hovered unmoving in the clear air.

"Sister," Lance said sternly, "I don't want to discuss the matter any further."

A woman wearing a shapeless yellow hat on the top of her greying curly hair looked up as she heard my footsteps. With a glad cry she threw down a rake and hurried towards me. "Welcome," she called loudly. She tore off her gardening gloves and dropped them where she stood.

"Doctor will be so pleased to have you," she went on. "Do come in, and I'll make you a cup of tea." She shooed aside two gambolling dogs and ushered me into her kitchen.

She kept up a flow of talk in her broad-vowelled way of speaking as she sliced cake and spread butter.

Doctor Vanett came in. Exuberantly we were introduced. I liked the doctor straight away. He was too thin, I thought. But the stoop and touch of silver at the temples gave him a look of distinction. I had to step into work almost at once. An accident case from the mills was brought in. Before long our first surgical patient was lying quietly and at ease under a crisp white linen spread.

As the days ran into months I became more and more amazed at Doctor Vanett's surgical skill. His work was superb.

I was cleaning up after one of the neatest operations on a burst appendix I have ever seen, when I turned to him and said, "I can't understand why you stay in a place like this. Your skill with the knife would put you among our front-rank surgeons if you were in the city."

He looked at me with pain darkening his blue eyes. Madeline Vanett, who helped in an emergency, spoke up in her hearty way.

"He is good, isn't he?" She tumbled some forceps noisily into a tray and sighed heavily.

Lance Vanett spoke in his usual quiet way. "It's just as important for a mill hand to have as neat a scar on his abdomen as a financier. It doesn't matter where a surgeon is. It is the work he does that counts."

Madeline Vanett clapped her husband heartily on the shoulder. "Good for you, Lance," she said. She broke into a snatch of song and the incident was closed.

I often saw her broad back bent over a pram, and heard her talking baby patter. Her red windburnt face beamed as she lifted a gurgling infant high in the air. "The dead-spit of his father," she'd laugh, showing a full set of large white artificial teeth. Lance Vanett, in passing, would nod and smile slightly, but say nothing. It wasn't long before that tired, drawn face of his began to come between me and sleep.

Yes, I confess it. I loved Madeline Vanett's husband. And I couldn't go. I couldn't leave patients in the hospital. I simply didn't have the strength of mind that it would have taken to say good-bye to Lance. It was nearly impossible to tell what Lance thought of his wife. I'd seen him stop writing and cover his face with his hands when Madeline's voice came drifting in through the hospital windows.

We were together in the quietness of the hospital after a particularly difficult patching up of a mutilated hand when I said as casually as I could, "There are two vacancies for highly qualified surgeons at one of Sydney's most exclusive hospitals, Lance. Why don't you apply for one of them?"

Madeline had insisted long ago upon us using our Christian names except in front of the patients. It was Doctor Vanett who answered me, the cold medical man putting one of his staff in her place. "I happen to be perfectly satisfied here," he said.

Please turn to page 31



*Mothers
of
all
ages
prefer*



Whether blonde,
brunette or silvery grey . . . mother's
eyes will light up at the sight of this charming, ribboned package
decorated with a white rose. In it she will find the
sheerest of lovely Lustré stockings in the shade you have
chosen to gladden the heart of
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GIVE MOTHER *Lustré* HOSIERY FOR MOTHER'S DAY

Royal Monument Pavilion

By **LESLIE BONNET**

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMPSON

ONE day, one thousand years ago, not far from Peking, the countryside sweltered in early morning heat. Outside a large village the tessellation of paddies fretted the flat landscape to the far horizon. Only clumps of feathery bamboo surrounding distant farms broke the horizontal monotony.

The white road, high above the fields, ran through the village north and south, and faded into shimmering distance. Clouds of dust that hardly moved revealed the ant-like progress of burdened coolies.

A larger cloud of dust, already nearly hidden in the haze of heat, was being made by the litter and attendants of Wang Yu-tao, who had left his village that morning on his way to the capital to sit for the Imperial Examinations.

Ming Yu-hua, his young wife, sat in a shady chamber with one wall open to the courtyard. No sooner had the respectfully witnessed her husband's departure than an old servant had arrived from her father's household. He bore a message bidding her attend the family's ancestral worship.

Yu-hua was troubled in mind. She would not lightly disregard the summons. But alone with her in the house, except for the servants, was her young sister-in-law. She wondered if it would be proper to leave her.

But her sister-in-law persuaded her so prettily, and the old retainer was so insistent, that she decided to set off with him at once and to return before nightfall.

At her parents' house she took her proper part in the rites and slipped away to return home as soon as she could.

The sun was setting in dark murk. She had scarcely cleared the town when the heat, which had been mounting all day, broke in violent thunder.

Alone as she was, she sought the nearest refuge. It was the unoccupied Royal Monument Pavilion. The rain crashed on the great roof tiles, swept in through the open sides. Yu-hua stood patiently where it was driest, in the middle.

Out of the crashing blackness came running a man. He, too, huddled in the Pavilion.

A flash of lightning enabled Yu-hua to see him. He was young and tall. He wore the skull-cap of a scholar.

The lightning flash also showed the young man that the Pavilion was already occupied. He saw a young married lady of good station and of great beauty standing by his side.

Liu, for that was his name, was a young man of poor origin, of good sense, but of indifferent intellect. Ambitious beyond his capacities, he had submitted an essay for the Imperial Examinations. It had been rejected already three times.

It was his good sense which told him instantly that the close proximity in which he and the lady now stood was improper to a degree and compromising beyond explanation.

He therefore uttered a little laugh to convey his embarrassment and then plunged headlong out into the storm again.

Yu-hua could not but applaud the nice feeling which had prompted him, though the sudden departure made her conscious of the fact that she was very alone.

The same thought struck Liu as he splashed away through the deluge. His delicate appreciation of the proprieties had resolved a situation which invited censure. But was he justified in leaving a lady so helpless to the mercy of any rascal who might come that way?

The answer was plain. He decided to return and protect the lady by a presence remote enough to preclude evil thoughts.

So he waded back, lit from time to time by flashes of lightning. Yu-hua saw his coming and was relieved, and afraid.

But her opinion of the young man grew very high when she saw that, instead of entering, he stood humbly on guard outside, under the eaves.

In this position he was able to protect without embarrassment. In this position he also received the full discharge of water on his poorly protected head as it cascaded off the eaves.

The storm did not abate, and in this miserable but praiseworthy plight Liu remained. But he had more than the by now half-hysterical gratitude of the lady for his reward.

ALL-SEEING, as they must professionally be, the Four Sentinels in the heavens duly noted the meritorious deed and duly recorded it.

As a result the Chief Examiner in Peking was influenced by these supernatural agents to take Liu's essay from the bottom of the rejected scrolls and place it at the top of the successful compositions.

This happened while Yu-hua still drooped in the centre of the pavilion, while the storm still raged and while great spouts of water still rattled on Liu's devoted head.

It was very late when the clouds blew over and Yu-hua was able to slip wordlessly away. Liu saw her go with satisfaction and relief. Closing his mind to teasing thoughts he trudged suddenly away.

Cold and weary, on reaching her husband's house, Yu-hua yet frankly told of the night's experience to her sister-in-law before she sank to rest.

She had not reckoned that the innocent maiden would then tell the whole story to Wang, the husband, on his return. But that is exactly what she did.

Wang said nothing to alarm his young sister. But he was deeply affronted. He promptly put the worst construction on what he had heard. Accordingly it did not take him long to decide what was best to be done.

He summoned Yu-hua. When she had made her obeisances he told her that news had arrived that both her parents were ill.

"I shall send servants with you at once," he informed her. "Unworthy creature that I am, my fatigues are too great to permit me the felicity of accompanying you. Pray, present my excuses to your distinguished parent and hand him this letter."

"My lord is too good," Yu-hua was bowing herself out.

"As you deserve," responded Wang graciously, waving her away.

So Yu-hua set off hastily to her parents, who were in the best of health, bearing in all innocence the documents of her divorce to present to her father.

This light stratagem of Wang's had avoided the possibility of any unsettling supplications.

The incident was the sooner forgotten because of the early arrival of news that Wang had been successful in the Imperial Examinations. The path to unlimited official advancement was open.

Wang's expressionless face showed the depth of his feelings. When he had recovered he sent for servants and his litter. He must go to Peking to confirm his success.

At the Chief Examiner's Office in Peking Wang was not the only successful candidate in attendance. The Chief Examiner was receiving a growing number of them.

But his attention was taken almost exclusively by a handsome youth. It was Liu.

Liu was saying humbly, "No, learned one, this humble donkey cannot."

"I must beg you to try still harder," said the Chief Examiner. "This, your illustrious essay, falls short of sheer excellence in so many particulars that it merits a degree of disapprobation seldom deserved by mortal man."

He drew a deep breath.

"It was placed below the worst compositions submitted to this sorely tried one that I am, because there is no lower place that could be thought of. It was placed there not once, not twice, but three times."

Liu bowed an abject head.

"Yet," continued the Chief Examiner, "I am moved to replace it in the position of first amongst the successful essays. No power could have forced me to such an action—except a supernatural one. So think more deeply. What meritorious act have you committed which could so invoke the power of the Heavenly Ones?"

Liu wrinkled his brow. The other scholars looked on in embarrassed amusement.

Then Liu brightened a little and recounted very diffidently the full story of his encounter with Yu-hua.

The Chief Examiner was enchanted.

"May this humble one," he inquired, "offer great felicitations on the distinguished patronage which your illustrious self undoubtedly enjoys? May this trifling one that am I venture to foretell great glory and honor? May this thing make obeisance before the honorable Liu?"

Liu received the congratulations that were showered on his head with much the same stolidity as he had previously displayed in the rain.

The chagrined husband did not wait to hear or see any more. He had recognised at once the authenticity of the story. His withdrawal was unobtrusive, but rapid.

Outside, his litter still waited; the servants were gambling noisily with others in the shade. He summoned them curtly.

The departure from Peking was

A flash of lightning showed the young man that the Pavilion was already occupied.



instant. Wang had a long journey to make, a furious father-in-law to interview, a wronged wife to recover and propitiate. His conduct, he felt, had been irreproachable. But he had little hope that it would go unapproached.

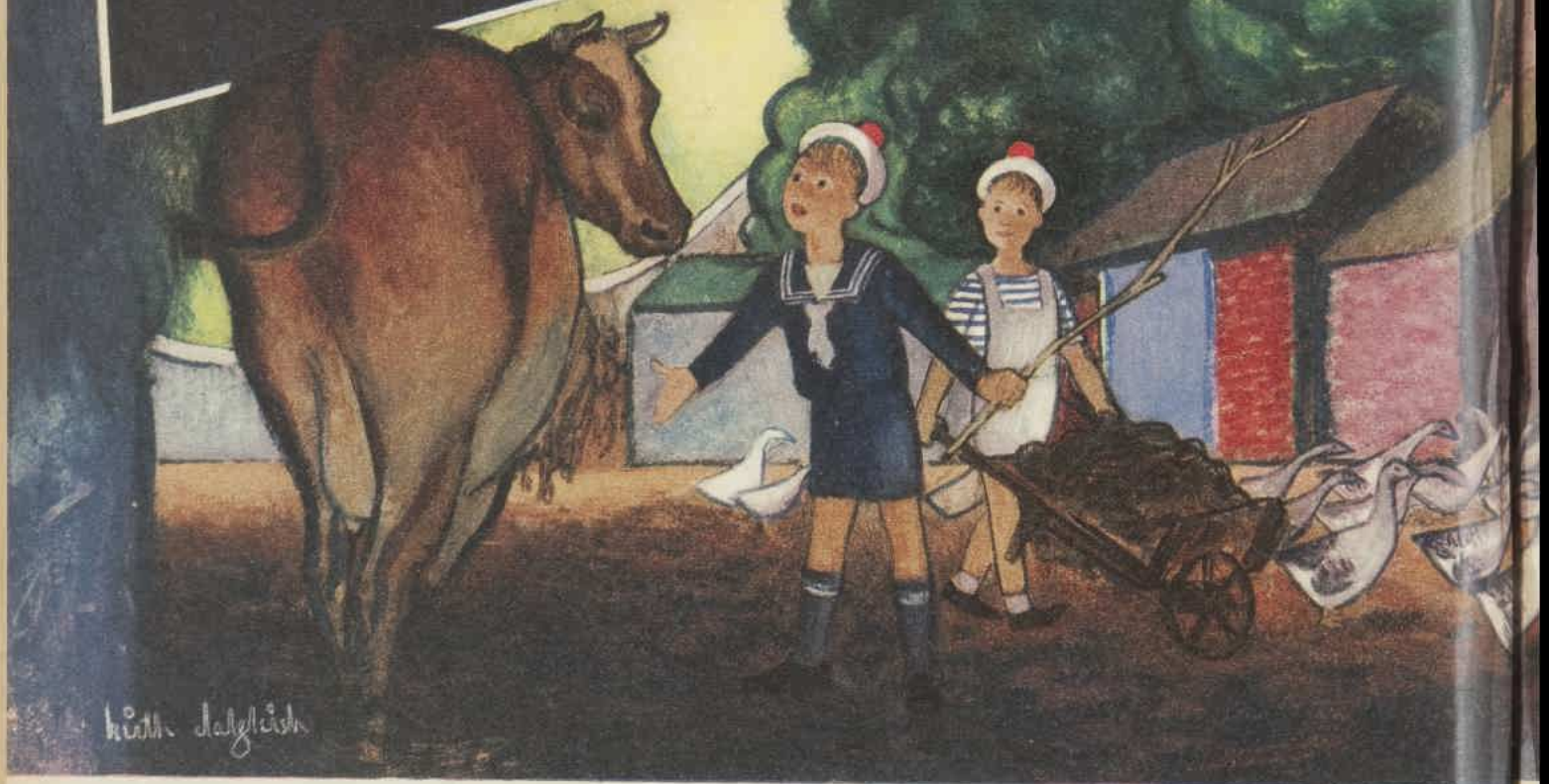
And so the old tale ends as it began, with a far cloud of dust on a sun-scorched plain. Wang was re-

turning chastened. And as for Liu, he promptly married Yu-hua's young and innocent sister-in-law, lived long in high esteem and felicity, and had many sons to honor him.

But, if this tale is indeed as true as it is pretty, it is difficult to imagine just when and where Liu had met her.

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The Spell



DELIGHTFUL NEW SERIAL BY ELIZABETH CADELL

MRS. BELCHAMBER had managed, without much effort, to keep herself to herself all the way from Paris. By employing her usual deterrents—a gaze of piercing dislike, a twitching of the nostrils as if scenting unpleasantness, and, in extreme cases, drawing back her head and looking like a cobra about to strike—she had secured seclusion. And space.

Her suitcases were on the rack, but her coat, travelling-rug, books, and papers were disposed upon the three vacant corner seats, while her crochet bag, her flask, and travelling handbag occupied the middle ones. She was very comfortable.

If the French had only known how to build trains that made less noise she would have gone as far as to say that she was enjoying her journey.

She looked at her watch, saw that it was five o'clock, and decided to pour herself a cup of tea at the next station. She put out a bony, bearded hand and took up her crochet bag, into which she had slipped some of her favorite biscuits.

The train slowed and then stopped. She hoped that the flask would have kept the tea reasonably hot. She was about to unscrew the top when she paused, noting with displeasure that a large group of people had gathered at the door of the carriage with the obvious intention of entering.

This, she felt, was gross impertinence. They could see that she was an elderly English-

woman, travelling alone, and just about to take her tea. To be invaded was intolerable. Mrs. Belchamber put the biscuits back in the crochet bag and prepared her first line of defence—the stony stare.

This had no effect. A stout Frenchman with a red, beaming face gave her a rapturous smile and threw open the door.

"But see!" exclaimed an excited woman, pushing him aside and giving the glaring Mrs. Belchamber a friendly bow. "But see, here is plenty of room for everybody."

"But see!" shouted two more Frenchmen, poking their heads inside. "Here they will be comfortable."

Mrs. Belchamber understood French imperfectly; in her forty years' residence on the Continent she had found that English did perfectly well; but she did not need to hear the dreadful truth: her eyes told her that some, if not all, of these strangers proposed to foist themselves upon her.

She made a last protest by seizing the door of the carriage and banging it firmly, leaving the intruders outside.

But two more stout men threw it open again, and, with an excited burst of speech and charming smiles, ushered in two small boys in French sailor caps, a smaller girl in a modified version of the same headgear, three suitcases, a large toy boat, a cardboard box smelling strongly of cheese and apples, several overcoats, and, finally, a larger suitcase.

Mrs. Belchamber sat in her corner, her bony frame rigid and withdrawn. She saw the last piece of luggage stowed neatly and realised that the crowd outside was bestowing vociferous farewells on the three children.

A wave of horror swept over her: the three sailor caps were travelling alone.

The train doors began to close. The farewells grew louder. The guard came up and raised a small horn to his lips to blow upon it the noise which served as a signal. Then the group parted.

A tall young man with a brief, pleasant nod of farewell that embraced every member of the party stepped into the train, shut the door firmly, and, without incommencing Mrs. Belchamber, arranged the three children at the window in the best position for making their final salutes.

The train moved, the children waved, and the cries of the farewell committee died away in the distance.

Mrs. Belchamber found, with deep relief, that the newcomers were silent. She studied the three of them and decided that their mother might just as well have saved herself trouble and had one child instead of three, for—apart from their size and the fact that the girl's hair was somewhat longer than the boys—she could detect little difference in them.

There was the elder boy—he might have been ten. There was the younger one—about

nine. The little girl, she thought, would have been about seven.

They looked typically French, and so did those ridiculous caps, but it was pleasant—surprising—to find that French children could behave with English calm.

Mrs. Belchamber's eyes went to the young man, and she experienced a distinct feeling of shock. He was as unmistakably English as the children were French. She wondered what he was doing with three French children. Tutor, probably. But they were too young, and he didn't, somehow, look like a tutor, though he was obviously in charge of them.

"Friends of yours?" she inquired of the young man.

Christopher Heron paused in the act of sorting tickets and rested a pair of cool grey eyes upon the stranger. He sensed rather than saw a rich old lady—one got the impression of plain but good clothes, good luggage, general well-being.

He disliked her very much. She had a disagreeable expression, also a long thin nose which he did not care to have thrust into his affairs. He placed her as one of a type which considers its own good breeding sufficient cover for a display of bad manners.

"Relations," he answered her laconically, and went back to his sorting.

Mrs. Belchamber flushed with anger, but her curiosity was stronger than her anger. If information was withheld in one quarter,



"Useful pair. They're been helping me to clean up," Scotty said, gesturing at the two boys. "Chic caps, too."

she could get it elsewhere. She looked at the elder boy, assembled her French, and addressed him.

"Quel est—er—votre nom?" she inquired. The answer came in halting English.

"My name is Robert," he said. He indicated the younger boy, and then said, "This is my brother, Paul, and this is my sister, Josette."

Mrs. Belchamber stared at him. "You speak English very well," she informed him. He gave her a short, un-English bow. "Thank you."

"I, too, speak English very well," said Paul. "Moi aussi," said Josette.

There was a pause. Three pairs of eyes were fixed upon Mrs. Belchamber, but she was a little bewildered by this accommodating response. She saw the Englishman stirring restlessly, and hastened on with her questions before he could divert the children's attention.

"Where are you going?" she inquired. "To England?"

"Yes," said Robert.

"To England," said Paul. "I have been before."

"Moi aussi," said Josette.

Christopher leaned back and closed his eyes. To England. He thought with relief of the journey's end—though it was not to be quite the end. It was a pity to be taking the three of them to a London flat, especially in June, but it was all the home he had at the moment.

Perhaps it would have been wiser, when he heard of the fire, to have postponed com-

ing over to fetch them, but the arrangements for transferring them permanently to England had been long and elaborate, and he had felt it best to stick to them.

They had been, he remembered, singularly unmoved when he had told them the news. That perhaps was the English side of them—but he had expected Robert, at any rate, to show some emotion at the thought that the home of his ancestors stood in ruins. But Robert had made a practical approach to the situation.

"The castle, it is burned?" he had asked.

"Yes. Not the walls, you understand, because they're stone and very thick, but the inside."

"It cannot be made again?"

"You mean the damage repaired? No. You see," Christopher had told him, "it would mean a great deal of expense, and another thing—"

He had hesitated. It was not the time to explain that an erection which for nearly nine hundred years had been an unsightly blot on the landscape was now a picturesque ruin. It was better not to dwell on the fact that since its erection in 1059 by Robert Fitz-Heron the silhouette of Piershurst Castle had stunned all beholders who had any appreciation of line or beauty.

William the Conqueror, looking round for Saxon manors to confiscate for his own adherents, had reined in his horse, looked incredulously at Piershurst, and crossed it off the list of awards.

After the anarchy of Stephen's reign, it had been placed on Henry II's black list of unlicensed castles ordered to be destroyed, but the King's advisers had persuaded him to allow the notorious eyesore to stand as a perpetual punishment to the district. It had resisted sieges and survived assaults. It had seen countless Herons born and buried.

Paul Heron, the sixth Earl of Piershurst, had been the last to live in it; before his son, Robert, the seventh earl, could be brought over from France to take up his residence at the castle, it had come at last to disaster. The seventh earl was homeless.

Christopher turned his head and studied the seventh earl. A nice little boy. A nice trio, in fact. This, his third meeting with them, had confirmed him in his previous view that they were, as children went, extraordinarily little trouble.

He had not yet come to any conclusion about the wisdom of transplanting them to England, but it had been their mother's wish. She had displayed great sense throughout her difficult marriage, and had an instinct for doing the right thing. Christopher hoped that this would turn out to be the right thing.

He listened to the children's polite answers to the questions of the sour old woman opposite, and smiled to himself; she would extract something, but not a great deal, of their history, for it was a complicated one. A troubled one, but those who had been most troubled were now at rest.

Christopher himself—the only one who

might have felt a pang at the sight of the three children—felt nothing but liking.

He had been brought up as heir to the earldom of Piershurst. Until he was fourteen he and his widowed mother had lived at the castle with his uncle, who was an elderly bachelor, quiet, scholarly, almost a recluse.

Then his uncle had gone to Aix-les-Bains for a cure, and, to the incredulous astonishment of all who knew him, returned with a French wife.

Christopher remembered his mother's face, stony with rage, when the news reached her. She and Christopher had left the castle, and he had not seen Piershurst again until he looked upon its blackened and gutted ruins.

He wondered, sometimes, at his own calm acceptance of the fact that his chance of becoming the seventh earl was gone. He had faced the prospect without any great sense of loss, but to his mother it had been a shattering blow.

The newlyweds were left severely alone. After the birth of the third child, the earl took his family to France and settled them in a house near his wife's home in the Pyrenees. It was here that Christopher, some time later, had, on an impulse, interrupted a holiday tour and paid them a visit.

He was nineteen when he first saw his new aunt and the children. He had always liked his uncle; he liked even more his mature, sensible wife; he grew to love the atmosphere of the big, rambling house and the happiness in it. He could even find pleasure in teasing his fat little cousins.

Please turn to page 10



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AFTER his mother's death the following year, Christopher went back, and it was the last time he was to see his uncle. At his death, Christopher brought his aunt and the children to England for a visit; she had decided to go back to France, and it was then that he had promised her that if anything happened to her he would bring the children to England and act as their guardian.

He was now fulfilling his promise. But what had been a smooth plan had developed a great many hitches. Ursula, the children's old nurse, and Monique, her daughter, had been coming with them; but Ursula had met him with a woe-begone countenance.

Monique was ill—it was not much, but she had a fever, and it was necessary to wait until it passed before they travelled. They would follow when Monique was better.

So he was on his way to London with three children. Well, that was all right, he reflected. These three had a capacity for keeping their heads.

It was obvious that they were enjoying the journey, chatting in a friendly manner with the thin Englishwoman. The day was warm, the seat deep and soft.

Christopher awoke to find his charges gone and the old lady's eyes fixed upon him with a look of grim expectancy.

"Well?" she snapped. "Aren't you going after them?"

"After them?" Christopher raised an interrogative eyebrow.

"Those children. They went out. You're in charge of them, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," said Christopher, with an emphasis on the pronoun that made the old lady flush angrily.

"Suppose they fall out of the train," she demanded. "Who's to stop them?"

"If you saw three children preparing to fall out of a train," said Christopher, "wouldn't you try to restrain them?"

"Certainly. But—"

"Anybody would," said Christopher. "You mustn't have any anxiety. The train is full; the windows are in full view; somebody will see them and stop them." He closed his eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me," she asked, "that you're going to make no move to see that they're not getting into any trouble or annoying people?"

"They won't get into any trouble," said Christopher, "because there are so many kind people about—you, for example—who are at hand to avert disaster."

"Oh, really?" The sharp nose was curled in contempt. "Then all the other passengers must submit to annoyance just because—"

"If anybody has any complaints"—Christopher stretched out his legs more comfortably—"I am here to receive them."

He closed his eyes with a well-feigned air of a man on the point of repose. The pretence was too good: in a few moments he was fast asleep.

Christopher next awoke to find the carriage empty. He wondered, as memory came back, if the old lady was fol-

The Spell

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lowing in the wake of the children. The passing of a steward down the corridor informed him that dinner was being served.

He went slowly along the swaying train and found the quartet seated at a table for four. He took a seat near them and had his meal. The old lady paid her own account and prudently sent Christopher the bill for her three companions. Together they returned to the carriage.

The flying trees outside were beginning to have a woolly look, and Christopher presently looked out and saw that they were running into mist. The old lady pulled her lips into the long, tight line that Christopher was beginning to recognise.

"We're going to be late," she stated. "Late this end and late the other side. No sort of time for young children to arrive. Why couldn't you have got them across earlier? Look at that little one—half asleep now. If you're looking after children, then for pity's sake look after them."

Christopher gazed out the window. It was not much of a view, but it was better than a stringy form and a sour face. He knew, by now, her name and something about her.

BELCHAMBER,

widow, by all appearances rich, had been, before her marriage, one of the Melhamptons of Melhampton, owned a large house and had given it to a committee engaged in forming homes for aged gentlefolk, on condition, Christopher gathered, that she was to occupy the best suite for the rest of her life.

The committee, he reflected, probably imagined—from her age—that she was on her last legs. When they saw her there were going to get a shock: this was the type that lived to be centenarians.

He, personally, would give her twenty more years, and he was glad that he was not to see her for any of them. The late Belchamber must have had a time.

Josette was asleep, leaning heavily on Christopher's shoulder, when they reached the port. The train was a good deal behind schedule, and the mist had thickened.

Christopher put the tired and drooping Josette into her thick overcoat and wound a scarf round her head. He would put her into a berth on the boat and let her sleep during the crossing.

"The sea," announced Robert, with a disappointed air, "will be so—" He held out two hands, the palms flattened. "The ship will not rock."

"And a good thing, too," said Mrs. Belchamber. "We've got enough trouble with darkness and fog and raw June air. We don't want any more. Come along now, like a good boy, and get me down these things."

Christopher noted, with apprehension, that she had attached herself to his party. He could scarcely refuse her his help in getting her luggage on to the platform and finding her a porter; after this he made a

brief farewell and hurried off. But on the boat she chose a site on the deck and stood on it, with the children, until Christopher had got berths, paid the porters, arranged the luggage, and returned to announce that all was ready.

He saw her go with Josette to the cabin which they were to share, and determined to shake her off when they set foot ashore.

The crossing was calm but slow. Robert and Paul remained on deck with Christopher, pacing slowly to and fro, their hands thrust deep into pockets in imitation of his, their steps lengthened to his stride.

Christopher stared into the thickening fog; soon now they would be in England. His car was waiting; all they had to do was get into it and drive up to London. His servant, Merrow, a family man, would in no time have the children in bed and tucked in and they could sleep it out; Ursula and Monique would arrive in a few days and resume their responsibilities.

All that remained, after that, was choosing schools and finding a home—not a castle this time, but a house with land enough to give the children space and freedom.

The steamer nosed its way into the harbor. Robert and Paul hung over the side, peering as ropes were flung and the ship edged up to the jetty. Christopher went below to rouse Josette, and was met by Mrs. Belchamber.

"I've been looking at that child," she said. "She's caught cold. She ought to have been in charge of someone who knows something about children."

"Well, she will be soon," said Christopher.

He went into the cabin and roused Josette gently, and found the old lady at his heels.

"See what I told you?" she said. "She's got a nice, heavy cold." She shouldered him aside. "I'll stay here with her while you get the luggage looked after."

Christopher gave her a long look into which he threw all his dislike. "I think you'd better see about your own things," he said coldly. "I've got enough on my hands with three children and our luggage."

"I'll stay with the children," said Mrs. Belchamber, returning stare for stare. "You go along and get seats in the train."

"I don't want seats in the train, thank you," said Christopher. "I'm not going by train."

She seemed, for a moment, almost disconcerted. "Not?"

"No. My car's here. I'm driving up."

"In this fog?" She gave a snort. "You can't see a yard in front of you."

It was true, but Christopher, ignoring the remark, applied himself to the task of wrapping Josette up again in her warm scarf. He noted unasily her heavy eyes and listless air as he set her on her feet.

"Come along," he said gently. "You can stay with Robert and Paul until we go ashore."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

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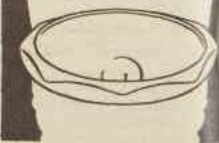


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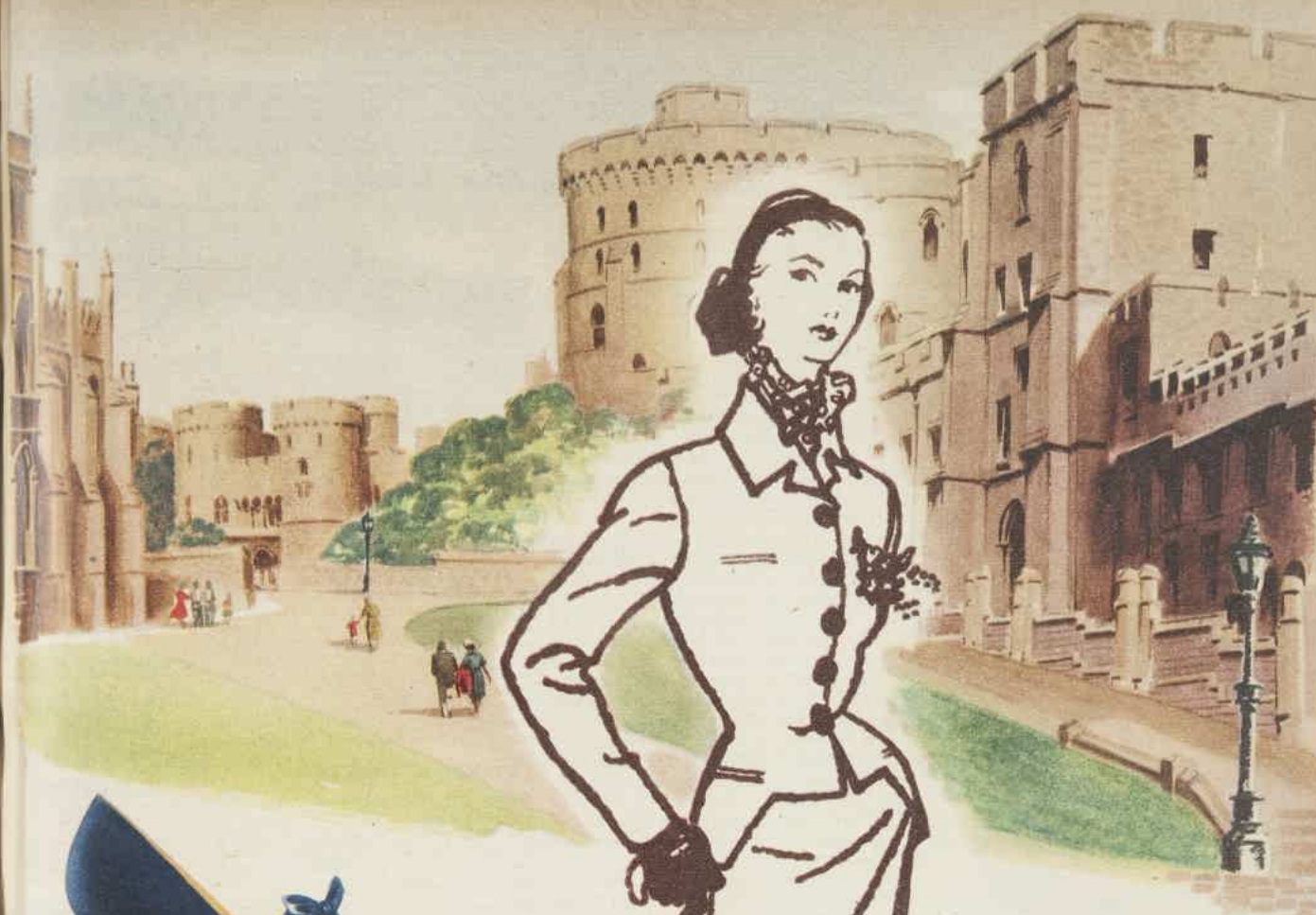
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April 30, 1952

THE WIFE ON THE LAND

ONE important point not yet stressed in the campaign to increase primary production is that it is no use getting men back on the land unless their wives will stay there with them.

A country wife is more closely associated with her husband's work than her city counterpart.

Probably girls are leaving the land at a faster rate than men.

What generally tempts the country girl to the city is some indefinable glamor she thinks she will find there.

She wants to buy at the smart shops, wear the latest clothes, try the newest make-up, and show her city sisters she is as elegant as they are.

A step in the right direction is being taken by the Junior Farmers' Movement, which has organised a week's "school" this month at Yanco, N.S.W.

Thirty girls, ranging in age from 16 to 25 years, will attend lectures, demonstrations, and discussions on personal appearance, including make-up, skin care, deportment, and choosing of clothes, as well as home improvements and the planning of kitchens.

Australia's politicians and economists have warned where declining food production is leading.

But each country boy or girl still has to make his or her choice between farm and factory.

Not many girls will want to live in the country if they think life there is dull and dreary.

And the man's choice will depend on where his girl wants to live.

OUR COVER

Young Wep's full name is Graham Richard Pidgeon. His father, W. E. Pidgeon, painted him for our cover once before, when he was 12 months old. Young Wep draws comic strips, but is not so much interested in the drawing as in the dialogue, which is full of exclamation marks and expressions such as "Cop this!"

This week:

● There's one certainty about General Eisenhower's chances for Republican nomination for the U.S. presidency (see opposite page)—they will never be hampered by his wife. Her concern in giving him support was illustrated by an incident when they went to Paris. The Paris edition of a New York paper came out with a headline: "Mamie Vetoes Ike's Choice of Home." The story said that she had talked him out of taking the Villa Trianon, famous 14-room mansion of the late Lady Mendl, because she didn't like the decor, which included a celebrated collection of Louis XIV furniture. It developed later that the story was wrong. But the affair, relatively unimportant, is said to have had Mrs. Eisenhower in tears for days. She feared that it would embarrass the General in his dealings with the French, who are intensely proud of their art treasures.

● Marjorie Philpot, whose short story "I'll Never Be Sure" appears on page 5, decided to study fiction writing when, after a serious illness, she felt that she was in danger of becoming neurotic. Her study was successful. She was one of two Australian authors whose stories were chosen to represent Australia in the recent New York "Herald Tribune" World Best Story Quest, and will be published in the 1950-51 collection. In a letter from Finley, N.S.W., she tells us that she has a married daughter and three teenage children, travels a lot in a caravan with her husband.

Next week:

● The first color portrait of Garbo that has been made in ten years appears in next week's paper. It's part of a color feature on Hollywood's ten most beautiful women, who were chosen by society photographer Anthony Beauchamp.

● Beginning next week—a new weekly feature by a family doctor who discusses "Some of my patients." You'll like it both for its medical information and human interest.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

THE VILLAGE

By MARGHANITA LASKI

FIVE years ago in "Love on the Supertax," Marghanita Laski was all bite and sting, but in her latest book, "The Village," she is tender and warm.

However, she is still absorbed in the social contradictions of England's postwar welfare State.

Miss Laski, daughter of the late Professor H. J. Laski, former chairman of the British Labor Party, seems to feel she must dissociate herself in print from the results of her father's political policy.

"The Village" is not so acidly funny as "Love on the Supertax," but has greater depth and is enlivened by a wider range of feeling.

It must be regretted that in "The Village" Miss Laski has not broken new ground, as she did in her recent best-selling "Little Boy Lost," yet her new book with its immaculate prose and acute observation of character is a joy to read.

Here the cream of Miss Laski's compassionate jest is the shocking news (to the village of Priory Dean) of the impending marriage between Miss Margaret, elder daughter of the mouse-poor but "nice" Trevors, to Roy Wilson, son of their former charwoman.

The trouble with Margaret, as Roy's communistic sister, Maureen, told her, was that she had no sense of class.

Nor did she have looks, poise, ambition, or any of the showier attributes that might have taken her out of Priory Dean and off the hands of her anxious parents.

What she did have was a deep need for affection, an unalloyed simplicity of heart, a genuine talent for homemaking, and love of children. In all these, Roy, her childhood playmate, was her complement.

Distress at the insurmountable social difficulties resulting from the proposed marriage is felt no more acutely on upper-class Priory Hill than in working-class Station Road, in

which the prosperous and happy Wilson family occupy No. 15.

The one person in the village who gives encouragement and sympathy to Margaret and Roy is the aged and aristocratic Miss Evadne, of The Hall.

None is more deeply horrified than the little Cockney rector, despised alike by villagers and gentry.

The author draws with pity and insight the figures of Margaret's parents—Wendy, once so pretty and fun-loving, and Major Gerald, no longer the dashing young officer, but the middle-aged owner of a chicken farm that has failed.

The touchy but mutually respectful relationship between Wendy and Mrs. Wilson is handled with superb delicacy.

"The Village" is a book that beneath its superficial satire looks deeply and knowingly into the human heart.

To an ever-widening group of discerning readers Marghanita Laski has become one of the authors whose newest novel must not be missed.

"The Village" is published by The Cresset Press, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

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Wife is behind "Ike" for presidency



"THE GENERAL," streamlined train on the Pennsylvania Railroad's New York-Chicago run, was named after General Eisenhower, shown here at the throttle. He drove the train for the first 100 yards of its inaugural trip.



PROUD GRANDPARENTS. Mrs. Eisenhower holds Barbara Anne and the General holds Dwight David Eisenhower II. At left, holding the third Eisenhower grandchild, is General A. M. Gruenther, Eisenhower's former chief-of-staff. The Eisenhowers were married in 1916 when the General was 26 and Mrs. Eisenhower was 18.

Famous U.S. soldier-statesman is happily married family man

By ROBERT B. FELDMAN, of our New York staff

"Every tooth in his head is his own. He has two tiny fillings the size of pin-points. He has greenish-blue eyes which are sometimes as blue as they can be. He likes to know everything and is a brilliant talker. He still fascinates me."

This is the statement the usually reserved Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower unexpectedly made to a reporter pressing for personal details about her famous husband.

THOSE who know the Eisenhowers say that it not only gave an accurate picture of General "Ike" but, by implication, illustrated Mrs. Eisenhower's directness, character, good sense, and modesty about her husband's fame.

Most independent sources see the budding soldier with the boyish grin is virtually certain to become the next President of the United States. General Eisenhower recently resigned his N.A.T.O. command and is due to leave for the U.S. on June 1 to begin campaigning for selection as Republican presidential candidate.

Experts attribute his extraordinary "political sex appeal"—drawing power at the polls to a number of factors: his own personality, tact, personal dignity, and epic achievements.

But, not least, his backers count him a natural vote-getter because of his stature as family man.

Mamie, his wife, clearly played a big part in overcoming his reluctance to leave his job as boss of N.A.T.O.'s armed forces.

That is in sharp contrast to Ben Truman, who talked President Truman out of seeking another term.

Dwight David Eisenhower was born in Denison, Texas, on October 14, 1890, and spent his boyhood in a weatherboard home and three acres at Abilene, a Kansas country town. The family's circumstances were poor and puritanical, but his mother, Ida Elizabeth (now dead) held her seven

America's top military rank, a reporter inquired:

"Tell me, Mrs. Eisenhower, what do you think of your famous son now?"

The old lady looked up, adjusted the white crocheted cap she habitually wore, and asked: "Which son do you mean?"

Dwight Eisenhower fell under the spell of an equally compelling woman one Sunday evening in October, 1915, in San Antonio, Texas. Then a second lieutenant fresh out of West Point Military Academy, he met Mamie Geneva Doud at a dinner-party.

The Douds, an American offshoot of an old English family, had made a fortune in meat-packing.

Within ten months, Ike and Mamie were married.

The match had fortune's blessing from the start. On his wedding day Ike was promoted to first lieutenant.

Two children were born to

the young couple—Dwight Doud, who died in infancy of scarlet fever, and John Sheldon Doud, now 29 and a major in the U.S. Army.

John is married and has three children. The eldest, Dwight David Eisenhower II, is four.

Friends credit Mamie Eisenhower with a lively personality and a youthful zest belying her 54 years.

Despite the pleas of friends, she keeps her fringed hairstyle. She says her bangs are her trademark.

The general once remarked on the subject: "Well, Mamie likes them, so they're all right with me."

Mamie has greatly helped her husband's career.

A spectacular jump in income naturally accompanied his rise up the ladder of rank. As a major in 1932 he got somewhat under \$A1500; as General of the Army this year he drew \$A8500 in salary and personal expenses.

The next rung up the ladder—the Presidency—would put the Eisenhower income, with expense allowances, in the \$A95,000-a-year bracket.

Mamie Eisenhower stood proudly by after the war while the popular hero collected 27 honorary degrees (he earned his Bachelor of Science at West Point in 1915), 62 U.S. and foreign decorations.



As a homemaker, Mamie has chalked up the wide experience that goes with being an Army wife. The Eisenhowers have packed and unpacked scores of times.

Currently, in addition to Villa St. Pierre, the Eisenhowers' home near Paris, they maintain a house in New York, kept in readiness for their return.

The Eisenhowers also own a 189-acre farm near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, which they bought in November, 1950.

A manager runs the dairy and chicken enterprise, in their absence.

When they return to the United States this summer, in fact, it is an odds-on bet Ike will conduct a large part of his campaign from his front porch. That is a good move to capture the farmers' vote.

The farm is only two hours by air from Washington, D.C., and is therefore eminently suitable for a "summer White House."

Villa St. Pierre, where the former Supreme Commander and his wife have spent the past year, is a comfortable, unpretentious house at Marnes-la-Coquette, 10 miles west of Paris.

Far-sighted Mamie turned down offers from the French

RELAXING on one of their rare holidays are Mrs. Eisenhower and the General at Sea Island, Georgia.

Government of huge, luxurious chateaux to move into the relatively modest two-story house.

Mamie told friends she wanted to give her husband a retreat from the glare of greatness and the intense pressure of his work.

Mrs. Eisenhower gave evidence of knowing what she wants and going straight for it not only in her choice of the residence but also in the way she handled the renovation.

She firmly told army officers and French engineers exactly the way she wanted Villa St. Pierre altered. Then she never wavered during a score of trips to the house to make sure her orders were carried out.

The other side to Mamie's personality is that she is shy and easily hurt.

Early in 1950 she was asked for her view on whether Ike should run for President. She said wistfully:

"What American woman wouldn't want her husband to be President?"

Before this year is out, Mamie Eisenhower may get her wish.



TWO FAMILIES greet Dwight David Eisenhower II. They are, from left: Mrs. John Sheldon Doud, the baby's great-grandmother; Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, his grandmother; General Eisenhower, his grandfather; Major John Eisenhower, his father; Mrs. Percy Thompson, his maternal grandmother. Holding the baby is Mrs. John Eisenhower.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 30, 1952



New problems for "King of Cocos"

Planes will bring the outside world closer

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

When I met the king of Cocos Island—John Clunies Ross, fifth of his line—he was barefooted, wearing a blue silk shirt and white slacks.

He had a big knife stuck in his belt.

TALL, slim, and good-looking Clunies Ross has in his veins the blood of his seafaring Scottish ancestors and of Malayan princesses.

A millionaire, the young "king" has little of the assurance which wealth often brings.

I found him shy but friendly. Last year he married Miss Daphne Parkinson, of Lancaster, England.

Mrs. Ross is pretty and blonde. She is expecting a baby soon.

The Ross family have ruled the Cocos-Keeling atoll since Captain John Clunies Ross settled there in 1827.

In 1866 Queen Victoria made a grant of the islands to Ross and his heirs.

On the islands the present king is called Mr. Ross or "young Ross."

As I chatted with Mr. Ross in an exclusive interview, he told me about life in his tropic-island kingdom—which aeroplanes are fast making a part of the civilised world.

Inter-island transport is still mainly by sailing-boat, though the inhabitants are now used to the throb of R.A.A.F. launches and the beat of the barge engines used in unloading ships which bring supplies for the new aerodrome being built for the Australian Government on West Island.

I had seen these canoes littering the lagoon when my ship anchored there in water that ranged in color from dark indigo to sky-blue.

"We call the canoes ju-

kongs," Mr. Ross said. "The word is derived from the Dutch—nobody spells it correctly."

"We use jukongs for just about everything," he said. "For fishing and for bringing coconuts from other islands."

I asked if the boats could carry more sail than the small 100-square-foot gaff I had seen. (I am a sailing enthusiast myself.)

"Oh yes," he said, "when we have races they carry a lot more."

"You should go out in one of them; they are fine to sail and they move very well, even in a light breeze."

"But the winds we have here are usually very strong—the Sou'-east trades. They blow most of the year."

Mr. Ross owns a sleek sea-green sloop of 20 feet which he sails inside the lagoon and in the open sea.

I asked him if anyone lived in the only house I had noticed on Horsburgh Island as we entered the lagoon.

"An empty house is a rare sight to an Australian," I told him, asking if it were to let.

He looked a bit anxious and explained it was a week-ender belonging to his family. It was not to let.

"We spend a few days there when we get tired of living on Home Island," he said.

The Cocos-Keeling atoll, 1700 miles north-west of Perth in the Indian Ocean, is shaped like a horseshoe. It was discovered by Captain William Keeling in 1608.

The five main islands, Horsburgh, Direction, Home, South, and West, range round it from east to west.



THE KING OF COCOS ISLAND and his pretty blonde wife attend a religious service on the accession of the Queen. Members of the R.A.A.F., who are building an aerodrome on West Island, and the staff of the British Cable and Wireless Station on Direction Island also attended.

Since early in the century Cocos has played its part in world communications with the cable and wireless station on Direction Island.

There I saw where the great, snake-like, black cable 2000 miles long, all the way from Cottesloe, W.A., rises out of the sea and where it goes into the sea again to Rodriguez, Aden, and Singapore.

Under the system established by the founder of the settlement, Scottish sea captain John Ross, the inhabitants of Cocos-Keeling may not own houses or land and are completely under the control of the Clunies Ross family.

The family owns the only store. Bone tokens with the Clunies Ross stamp on them serve as currency.

The people do not know the value of Australian money and prefer pennies or silver to cheap-looking banknotes.

Islanders are not allowed to

marry until they are 18 years old. At 60 they get a pension. Crime is almost unknown.

The Ross family live in a Victorian type mansion on Home Island.

I went to the island for lunch one day at the invitation of the Administrator, Mr. Michael Foster.

Though I didn't meet the charming young "king" again, or his wife, I did look over his big brick garden wall at the old-fashioned two-story brick house and lovely lawns and gardens. Then I roamed about Home Island followed by an admiring group of the fat brown children, who offered flowers and applauded enthusiastically when I managed to balance a large basket of rice on my head—no hands.

Mr. Foster explained to me that although John Clunies Ross had been to school in England, most of his life had been spent in semi-seclusion on Cocos-Keeling.

But seclusion will shortly be impossible when the new aerodrome is finished and a regular air service is operating.

Even now a Qantas Lancaster comes up from Perth and departs for Singapore every two weeks.

The famous barrel-mail left at an ocean buoy a mile out to sea by passing ships is almost obsolete.

Two years ago there were 1400 people on Home Island. Now there are 200.

Fourteen hundred was considered to be too great a number, and, as most of the people were Malayan, about 200 were given the opportunity to go to Borneo.

Since then tales of the outside world have attracted all but 200 from Home Island, leaving barely 50 working males to gather coconuts and fish for food.

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SOME OF THE 200 MALAYS who live on Home Island hear the proclamation of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne. The proclamation was read by the British Administrator of the Cocos-Keeling Group, Mr. Michael Foster.

HUON VALLEY HAS AN APPLE FESTIVAL



REGAL PROCESSION of Apple Festival Queen Beverly Lovell, of Huoneville, Tasmania, is applauded as the Queen travels round the oval on her float. Beverly won an eight-day holiday in Sydney and gift prizes worth £100. By a community effort, the exhibition buildings were put up in ten weeks.



APPLE QUEEN Beverly Lovell, of Huonville, and runner-up, Ellen Turner, after Beverly's coronation in the presence of 15,000 people at the Apple Festival at Cygnet, Tasmania.



CYGNET'S FLOAT. Manned by a cove of local beauties, the good ship "Valley Queen" glides round the oval. Of Cygnet's 2500 population, 1500 were actively engaged in staging the festival. Already plans are being made for floats for the parade next year. Story and pictures by Ken Dulfer-Hyams.



DISPLAY. Girls from the State area schools of the Huon Valley combined to give this display of preserved fruit. Here Enid Griffiths and Irene Hammond put the finishing touches to the exhibit.

Tasmania is justly identified, residents of the apple-growing Huon Valley staged a grand-scale Apple Festival, which they hope will be an annual event.

TWO men share the main honors for the two-day Apple Festival at Cygnet, which is in the Huon Valley in Tasmania.

They are Mr. Jim David, of Ranelagh, who proposed the idea to the Port Cygnet Council, and Rev. Father Kent, who, as co-ordinator, put the plan into operation.

Tasmanians hope that the Apple Festival will become as popular as the Barossa Valley Vintage Festival in South Australia and the Grafton Jacaranda Festival in New South Wales.

The Tasmanian Government made a grant of £1500 for the promotion of the festival.

Father Kent set off by enlisting the help of district residents.

Flushmen, orchardists, telephone and hydro power linemen, and tradespeople were among those who helped in a community effort to erect exhibition buildings at a cost of approximately £15,000.

Women in the district provided meals for the workers and staffed the canteens on the two days of the festival.

Of the 2500 people in Cygnet, 1500 were actively engaged in the project. More than 15,000 people visited Cygnet for the festival.

Schools from every district of the Huon Valley gave enthusiastic and generous support. More than 1000 children took part in displays.

Girls from the Cygnet convent school did the Irish reel. It was appropriate, because one of the festival days fell on the eve of St. Patrick's Day.

A choir of 500 children from Huonville school sang the praises of the apple in specially written songs.

Queen of the Festival was pretty Beverly Lovell, of Huonville.

Apple-growing in Tasmania has a romantic history, reaching back to 1788, when Captain Bligh, of the historic *Bounty*, anchored in Adventure Bay.

During his visit the seeds of a number of fruit trees, including apples, were sown on Bruny Island.

Records of visits to the island indicate that some of these seeds had germinated, but by the time Bruny Island was settled all traces of them had disappeared.

The first recorded shipment of apples from the Commonwealth seems to be the small quantity shipped overseas about 1828 from the orchard of a Mr. D. Stansfield, at Rokeby, Tasmania.

In the early 1830's apple orchards were planted on a commercial basis. Some of the first were those of John Clark, at Woodsie, Silas Parsons, at The Grove, and A. Williams, at Garden Island Creek.

Early plantings of apples, pears, and berry fruits



HOLIDAY TIME in the Huon Valley means fun in the orchards for children. The orchards, framed by the mountains of southern Tasmania, make an ideal setting for a colorful autumn fruit festival.

were made in the Huon and Derwent Valleys. Later, orchards were started in the Tamar and Mersey Valleys.

The acreage under apples in Tasmania reached a maximum at 26,000 acres shortly after World War I. The present registered acreage is less than 20,000, and there are approximately 1860 growers.

The present potential yield of all varieties of apples slightly exceeds 5,000,000 bushels.

Tasmanian apple-growers are vitally dependent on markets outside the State for the disposal of the major part of their crop.

The economic stability of the industry depends upon the disposal of some 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 bushels outside the State.

Some of the best-known varieties of Tasmanian apples are Alfriston, Cleopatra, Cox's Orange, Crofton, Democrat, Delicious, Geeveston Fanny, French Crab, Gold Delicious, Granny Smith, Jonathan, Scarlet, and Sturmer.



COLORFUL PATTERN. Rosy Democrat and green Cleo apples (left) displayed by schoolboys Des O'Neill and David Batchelor.

SORTING. Mr. T. W. Grainger (above), of Huonville, sorts his apples before they are taken to the packing sheds for grading.



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Worth Reporting

AFTER two years' theological study at Melbourne University on a scholarship from the Presbyterian Foreign Mission, South Korean Min Ha Cho, B.A., has returned to his homeland.

He will act as welfare officer and interpreter to Dr. Ronald Good, of Melbourne, who has gone to Korea as the first of a team of Australian workers sent by the Save the Children Fund, which hopes to help feed and accommodate 200,000 Korean war orphans.

Sixty countries support the Save the Children Fund, which was formed in England after World War I.

The Australian Korea team, with Dr. Good and Min Ha Cho as its backbone, will be the first S.C.F. group to work in a war zone. The team will later be enlarged and joined by a S.C.F. worker from Britain.

For their work in Korea Dr. Good and Min Ha Cho will wear dark grey uniforms, similar in style to those of the Australian Army.

New wines in old drink

AUSTRALIAN wines predominate among the Empire vintage which Sir Leslie Boyce, first Australian Lord Mayor of London, has ordered to be used for the base of the "sack" traditionally drunk from loving cups at Lord Mayor's banquets at the Mansion House.

At a Lord Mayor's banquet the loving cup is passed immediately after grace. As a man drinks from it both his right and left hand neighbors stand.

The holder of the loving cup bows to the neighbor on his left, who removes the cup cover with his right hand and holds it while the holder of the cup drinks.

ONE woman's war. We were introduced the other day to a matron who has put a personal ban on a city department store because it has no organization for selling stamps to its customers.

Paints better to music

SPECIALISING in miniatures and religious subjects, 27-year-old Melbourne artist Dudley Drew works to music. He thinks he paints better when listening to classical music, and says that music has a relaxing effect on his sitters, even non-musical ones.

"Listening to Beethoven or Mozart somehow makes a person look different," he said. Drew, who has been painting since he was four, is mainly self taught. His first miniatures were copies of portraits by the old masters in the National Gallery.

His miniatures are painted on ivory lightly rubbed with sandpaper to give the surface "tooth."

He uses watercolors blended with gum arabic, a method followed by early painters of miniatures, to create an oil-like effect without losing the skin-quality of the ivory.

Before settling down to full-time painting seven years ago, Drew worked at a variety of jobs, including chemist's assistant and factory machine hand.

He is now painting wooden insets for the marble altar at the Kilbride Convent Chapel, Melbourne.

WHEN the last performance of an unusually long film showing in a Copenhagen picture show ended at half-past midnight instead of 11 p.m., some men customers queued up at the box office to get notes from the manager explaining to their wives why they were returning home so late.

Guinea-pigs send food parcels

MELBOURNE is the only Australian city to have a branch of the Friends of the Guinea-pig Club. Guinea-pigs are airmen who suffered serious burns during the war.

Mrs. Louis Voumard, of Hawthorn, Victoria, mother of Dick Voumard, the branch's organising secretary, met Mr. Bernard Arch, secretary of the parent Guinea-pig Club, when she was in London recently.

Mr. Arch and Sir Archibald McIndoe, famous English plastic surgeon, were anxious that food parcels should still be sent from Australia to members in England.

"The need now is just as pressing as ever," Mrs. Voumard said. "Some foods are still short, and club members are also experiencing difficulty in making a living."

"Getting parcels helps men to feel they are not forgotten."

"The Melbourne committee undertakes to send on parcels under the donor's name."

At 91 she is girls' president

PRESIDENT of the Sydney Eastern Suburbs centre of the Girls' Realm Guild for the past 30 years, 91-year-old Mrs. Kate Lion was recently re-elected to office for the Guild's jubilee year in Australia.

A national organisation, the Guild gives financial assistance to women students. Applicants for help are considered by the executive.

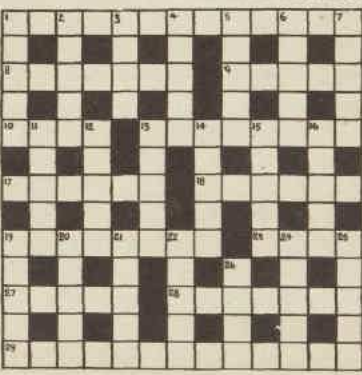
The money is nearly always repaid by the girls.

Mrs. Lion's friends know her for her graciousness, breadth of outlook, and her ability to quote Shakespeare "by the mile."

Her active duties as president are being done by the centre's deputy-head, Mrs. Pope, wife of Admiral G. J. Pope.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- He inconsistent through a thick slice of meat with the rib on and the money returned as balance (4, 3, 6).
 - Corrupt six and the tea I consumed (7).
 - Senior is Spanish yet it is good for Norwegians (5).
 - Vehicle the end of which is made of human skill (4).
 - Supporter the middle of which is here (8).
 - Mayhap Lombard Street hides this self-possession (6).
 - Once a woman's headgear started as rabbit but the end was a head-dress (3).
 - Gives back pause and crude metals (8).
 - Girl with the French steamship (4).
 - Begins with an offer at auction yet remains faithful (5).
 - Purty pouch of a Highlander (7).
 - Cavity and projecting angle (4, 3, 6).



Solution will be published next week

- DOWN**
- Municipal from both ends (5).
 - Aquatic mammal which would walk unsteadily after tea (5).
 - A mad can be the first of its kind (4).
 - Pear are mixed between twice five hundred (3).
 - He contains mixed gin in a joint (2).
 - Suckle a mixture of Japanese coin and Abraham's birthplace (3).
 - A species of apple chosen from college lecturers (5).
 - A politician and the French is quite enough (5).
 - Our tea is mixed after tea in a fresh-water fish (5).
 - Bar or make an axle (5).
 - Vegetable mould is a sound expressing hesitation with us (5).
 - His high time in England began in 1642 (3).
 - Approaches and can listen with its centre (5).
 - Small fish when sound is in first-rate health (5).
 - Stok saint is calm (5).
 - Musical work which contains a rope (5).
 - Relieved from pain (5).
 - The Jewish priesthood was fixed in his line (5).
 - An anagram of 16 down (5).
 - Foreign restaurant district in London (4).

Solution to last week's crossword

FOR CHAFING AND NAPPY RASH

The one and ONLY



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TABLETS OF COD LIVER OIL BUILD UP RESISTANCE

... and fortify the whole system against debility. They contain the concentrated nourishment and vitamins of pure cod liver oil, and provide vital energy, ensure natural growth, pep up appetite, and promote glowing health. In handy easy-to-take tablet form they're ideal for children as well as adults!



WOODS
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Packet 30 Sugar-Coated Tablets
3/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS
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APPROVED BY DOCTORS

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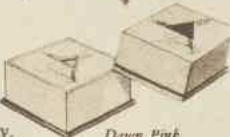
Laconia
Pure Lambs Wool
BLANKETS

MAKE *Goodnight* A CERTAINTY

Light as a flutter
of butterfly wings...



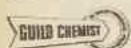
It's sheer enchantment,
this Face Powder by
L'Oréal! So exquisitely
fine it clings hour after
hour, with fragrant flattery.
What could be more
enhancing to any girl than—
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Recipe for a perfect pilot



COSMOPOLITAN. Captain Vic Vickers, of Holland, was born in Spain of English parents. He speaks with an English drawl, reads and speaks French, Spanish, and Portuguese, and was educated in Mexico, U.S., and England.



GALLANT. Captain Bill Wallace, of Dublin, was the first Allied pilot shot down on D-Day to escape from France. "Apart from flying, I do enjoy a party once in a while," he said. Next to Eire, Captain Wallace likes Australia best.



TOUGH. "In my country we often don't fly at all in winter because of snow and ice. In spring and autumn it is high winds and fog," said Captain Veikko Harmala, of Helsinki, Finland. Captain Harmala is fond of tennis and skiing.



CALM. Captain Jerry Wood, of Miami, Florida, specialises in air safety. A friend taught him to fly in 1927 in an old World War I Curtis JN4D. He now flies an 88-passenger Constellation, Captain Wood has a daughter, 20, and a son, five.

• We skimmed the cream of the world's flying talent to discover the perfect pilot.

WE were able to choose from the 24 airline captains representing 10,000 pilots in 19 different countries who recently attended the seventh annual conference of the International Federation of Airline Pilots in Sydney.

It is the first time the conference has been held outside Europe.

The American Pilots' Association, with a membership of 7000, was the largest, and Finland, with 40, the smallest represented at the conference.

There are 800 members of the Australian association.

The meeting was stacked with personalities handpicked from all over the world, so it was extremely difficult to make our choice.

The perfect pilot, we felt, would be experienced, handsome, modest, tough, charming, calm, cosmopolitan, dashing, gallant, and careful.

Each delegate to the conference was an expert in his profession. As well, each of the men on this page seemed to possess one of the important qualities of the perfect pilot in high degree.

Two other interesting facts about this airline business emerged at the conference.

• Australia is the only country which has a woman member of the Airline Pilots' Association. She is Nancy Walton, who has made trips as the first officer of a freight plane.

• The children of pilots are nearly always girls. The chances of having a boy in the family are one in nine.



HANDSOME. Smooth, very handsome, and with lots of what the French call savoir faire is Captain Jean-Paul Le Moel, of Paris. He was a fighter pilot during the war, is now an instructor. He flies once a month from France to Africa.



DASHING. Debonair Captain J. Nevill-Jackson, of N.Z., was one of the few bachelor delegates. He barnstormed all over N.S.W. and Victoria in the early '30's. "I well remember when we risked our necks for a few bob," he said.



EXPERIENCED. Captain Bernard Frost, of Surrey, England, is Federation president. He took part in the first commercial crossing of the Atlantic. In wartime he flew the same plane to Norway with broomsticks in the tail as fake armament.



CAREFUL. Captain Humphrey Madden, of Canada, started flying the hard way—barnstorming—in 1928. "I used to fly explorers and gold prospectors about in shocking weather," he said. "But to-day caution is the keynote."

MODEST. Captain Ian Pool, of Holland. A fellow pilot told the story of when Pool was taking off and an explosives truck ran across his path. He jerked the plane up and over the truck.



CHARMING. Captain Frank Ball, of Melbourne, was chosen to fly the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, during her proposed visit to Australia. He has been flying 11 years. He is building his own home.

STRATFORD-ON-MURRAY



SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES posed on a float entered by the Swan Hill C.W.A. Younger Set. From left are Rosalind and Celina, Ophelia, Sweet Ann Page, Beatrice, Lady Macbeth, Portia, Queen Catharine, and Princess Catherine.

Mallee township holds Shakespeare Festival

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

With Anne Hathaway's cottage on a float drawn by a tractor heading a procession of Elizabethan scenes, the Victorian Mallee township of Swan Hill recently launched its third Stratford-on-Murray Festival.

LASTING five days, the festival activities were designed to support Swan Hill's claim to be the cultural centre of the Murray Valley.

The Mayor of Swan Hill, Cr. Duncan Douglas, and Mrs. Marjorie McLeod, a former Melbourne National Theatre producer living at Swan Hill, first suggested the festival.

The upshot was the formation of a National Theatre group in the town and eventually an annual Shakespeare Festival, believed to be unique in Australia.

What the festival and the theatre movement has meant to the district was summed up by Swan Hill hairdresser Mrs. Roy Mannix, who said that before she joined the National Theatre movement "The Works of Shakespeare" was a book she was glad to shut and forget.

Now, like other local business folk, even her trading slogan is a quotation from the Bard: "... and find delight with beauty's pen."

The newsgent and book-seller describes his stock as "Volumes that I prize above my dukedom."

Ladies' wear specialists use "Ladies and maids their warts and handkerchiefs"; shoe stores "Sure and swift of foot"; a chemist, "By medicine life may be prolonged"; and a garage, "Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow".

As well as the procession, an Old English fair in lovely Riverside Park was a feature of the opening day.

In the evening McCallum Street was closed to traffic for the presentation of "All the

World's a Stage," a pageant written by Mrs. McLeod.

Street dancing, a performance by the Melbourne Marionette Studio Theatre puppeteers, and a Mozart operetta were other items on the first-night programme.

The next night there was a debate on the theatre in the Town Hall.

Madrigals and drama — from Shakespeare to Shaw — were presented on the following night.

But the highspot of the festival was a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," when country people flocked from outlying districts to pack the Town Hall.

Offstage there was plenty of real-life drama throughout the five days of the festival.

Farmer David Chisholm was run over by a tractor and



CALLER ON at short notice to play the role of Shakespeare. Swan Hill hairdresser Mrs. Roy Mannix turned a false hair pad from her salon "stock" into a neat beard.

almost had to play the role of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" on crutches.

Mrs. Roy Mannix had to learn lines hurriedly to act the role of Shakespeare in the pageant because she was the only player who fitted the costume when the lad who was to have played the part was unable to do so.

One small boy at the Elizabethan fair was given a prize of sixpence for his honesty, but was disqualified when he admitted he had won the egg-and-spoon race by using "chewy" to keep his eggs in place.

Staff photographer Ernie Mann was haunted by an engaging little black piglet for several hours one afternoon. She, too, reflected the town's relish of Shakespeare in her name, which was Jessica.

Orchardist Major A. R. Heighway, who was the Duke in "The Merchant of Venice,"

said he found the country ideal for rehearsing Shakespeare.

"Beating it out in the fresh air, throwing your voice out above the din of a tractor, with no one about to interfere, is the best way I know of learning to make yourself heard in a hall," he said.

His daughter, Joan, was Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," and his sons, Jeffrey and Ian, played minor parts in the production.

Among visitors to Swan Hill for the festival was attractive dark-haired Margaret Braybrook, who came up from Melbourne, where she is now carving a niche in radio.

Margaret was formerly a member of the Swan Hill National Theatre.

"Even as a 16-year-old during the war she threw herself into her roles," Mrs. McLeod said.

"Once Margaret unflinchingly drank from a glass containing water which had held flowers for a fortnight because the part called for her to drink water, and there was no other obtainable at the hall."

Theatre president, young Don Taylor, whose name only appeared on the programme once — as Antonio — demonstrated his versatility by struggling in and out of three other costumes during the performance to fill the roles of minor characters.

Explaining the purpose of the festival the Mayor, Cr. Douglas, said:

"So much of Shakespeare can only reach the people if his plays are staged.

"With wealth pouring into our township from its wheat, wool, dried fruits, and dairy industries, we are keen for our cultural progress to keep abreast of the district's material riches."



ARCHERY CLUB enhanced Elizabethan atmosphere at Swan Hill Festival. From left are Mrs. Ross Jenkins, Aileen Nolan, Marjorie Levin, Eric Dasher, Don Earle, Don Bolcom, Ron Jenkins, Doug Milne, Merv Dasher, Ross Holloway.

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NEED JODHPURS
THIS WINTER!



• CHILL-PROOF

• LEG-LENGTH WARMTH

• SUPER-DURABILITY

You owe it to your children to protect them from winter's piercing winds in Dencraft Jodhpurs. No other garment gives your boy or girl such complete, leg-length warmth.

Every pair is authentically tailored from Dencraft's own supremely-tough cloth, specially made in Dencraft's own mills for use in these super-durable jodhpurs.



Look for this seal—refuse imitations. If difficult to obtain, send coupon to Dencraft & Co. Pty. Ltd., 95 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, for name of your nearest Dencraft supplier.

AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

She'll say

"You look smarter!"

Be sure to get the right hat—Hatercraft! It's shaped right, styled right, and shaded right to work magic for your personality. Look for it at your favourite store. Ask for it! Buy it! It's guaranteed!

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

• A new trend in styling is a one-piece dress designed to give the appearance of separates. This theme is worked out in the sketch at right and answers a reader whose letter appears below.

"WOULD you design me a frock to be made in corduroy velveteen and to fit a 36in. bust measurement and 38in. hips? I want a youthful style for street wear, and wondered if it would be possible for the frock to be one-piece yet have the appearance of a tailored skirt and blouse."

Yes! A one-piece dress can be designed to look exactly like a separate blouse and skirt. The design at right is a street-dress type, has simplicity of line, and is definitely youthful. To make the dress you will require 4yds. 36in. corduroy. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, priced at 3/6. The panel on this page will show you how and where to order.

For winter

"BEING only 5ft. 1in. in height, with a fairly large waistline, I have given up trying to buy suitable ready-made clothes and am making my own with the help of a friend. We would be glad of any suggestions for a winter outfit. The weather is mild here."

A bolero suit, or dress plus bolero jacket, is quite the most



ONE-PIECE DRESS in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern price, 3/6.

flattering ensemble for the small woman with a not-so-small waistline. As your climate is mild, have the bolero designed to be worn open or styled with a cutaway front.

Pink and grey

"WOULD you please suggest two fashionable colors for a winter skirt and sweater? I have an olive skin and brown eyes."

Tulip-pink for the sweater and charcoal-grey for the skirt is an attractive and currently popular color combination that would suit your coloring extremely well.

Skirt length

"WHAT is the exact fashionable length to have the skirt of a tailored winter suit?"

No matter what the exact and fashionable skirt length of the moment may be, I advise you to study your own proportions and choose the length most flattering to your figure. Mid-calf is a good length for an average figure. A point to remember—full skirts can always be a trifle longer than slim ones.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and 3/6, cost of pattern.

BE SURE TO GIVE FULL ADDRESS, INCLUDING THE STATE YOU LIVE IN, AND ALSO SUPPLY SIZE.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut our ready to make



"MARGOT."—Smart button-through coat-dress is obtainable in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes beige, red, blue, grey, and brown.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 117/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 119/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 95/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 97/6. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

"ELISSA."—A pretty three-piece lingerie set, nightgown, slip, and panties, obtainable in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, sky-blue, and pale pink.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, nightgown, 69/11; slip, 38/9; panties, sizes 24 1/2in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 20/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, nightgown, 49/6; slip, 29/6; panties, sizes 24 1/2in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 14/9.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, nightgown, 73/6; slip, 39/11; panties, sizes 30in. and 32in. waist, 23/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, nightgown, 51/6; slip, 30/9; panties, sizes 30in. and 32in. waist, 16/3.

Postage and registration, nightgown, 3/9; slip, 1/9; and panties, 1/6 extra.

• NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 36.



**"Mum doesn't know yet...but
Dad's giving her a HOOVER
for MOTHER'S DAY!"**



Sweeping, cleaning
Finished in a third of the time...with the

HOOVER CLEANER

IT BEATS • AS IT SWEEPS • AS IT CLEANS

Why "scrub" and "scrub" with an out-of-date cleaner to clean your carpets? Replace it with a Hoover which does your cleaning in a third of the time... with a third of the work. It *beats* out the loose gritty dirt, *sweeps* up fluff and threads, and *suctions* away the dust.

Look at the **PLUS** that Hoover gives you!

1. Exclusive Positive Agitator to dislodge the scissor-sharp grit which cuts carpet pile.
2. Broad Dirt Finder to throw light into dark, dirty corners.
3. Dustproof Bag so easy to empty, your hands need never touch dirt.
4. Handy cleaning Tools to save stooping and stretching for all above-the-floor cleaning.
5. Three Models to Choose From, each designed and priced for a different need.

MODEL "612"

PRICE £35/13/0

TOOLS £6/10/0 EXTRA

From sheets to socks it does the lot!
All the week's washing for a big family!

THE HOOVER ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

1. Cuts out soaking, rubbing, boiling.
2. Washes whites in 4 minutes, silks and woolies in 1 minute.
3. Washes cleaner than you can by hand.
4. So gentle because the exclusive Hoover Pulsator doesn't yank and stretch the clothes but pulsates the water through the weave.
5. Cleverly sprung wringer takes even heavy articles with ease... makes broken buttons a thing of the past.
6. Tucks away in less than 3 feet of space when not in use... gives you more elbow room in the laundry.

PRICE £53/5/0

Remember DAD...

for only a small deposit and a few shillings a week you can make MUM the happiest person in the world on Mother's Day, with one of the World famous Hoover products.



A Shining Success which saves hours of hard work

THE NEW ELECTRIC HOOVER POLISHER

FLOORS • FURNITURE • CARS

We waited... then made you the best! Here it is — another marvellous labour-saving development by Hoover. The Hoover Electric Polisher — to give your wood floors, lino and tiles a richer, lovelier shine with next to no effort from you. It's amazingly light and easy to use for furniture and even your car.



**TWIN CONTRA-ACTION
BRUSHES**
give a harder, long-
lasting gleaming surface
in record time.

**SNAP-ON LAMBSWOOL
PADS**
(as well as felt polish-
ing pads) are included
to give super-high gloss
where required.

BUILT-IN HEADLIGHT
points out unpolished
spots. And see how
this new Hoover
Polisher gets under low
furniture.

PRICE £30/12/0

SCRUBBING BRUSHES £1/16/0 EXTRA



NEW Alluring beauty-

New Heart-quickenng Appeal!

It's gorgeous "Three Flowers" with exclusive TOP-TONE Shade Control!

Prove how "Three Flowers," with its delicate perfume and finer, longer-clinging texture, can bring you new soft loveliness. Prove how "Three Flowers" Top-Tone Shade Control protects this radiant perfection. Make your choice from the "Three Flowers" fashion-perfect shades—one evening will prove its irresistible appeal. You'll be convinced that here is the powder of your dreams!

And because of exclusive Top-Tone Shade Control, "Three Flowers" is unaffected by skin oil or moisture—it cannot cake, streak or darken. One glorifying "Three Flowers" make-up lasts for hours!

three flowers face powder



Companions in Glamour:
Three Flowers Lipstick,
Rouge, Perfume, Vanishing
Cream, Talc Powder, Hand
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You'll be astonished the first time you immerse your dentures in 'Steradent.' They emerge purified, freed from unpleasant stains, film and odours. 'Steradent' is made specially to 'oxygen-clean' dentures, which means safe, thorough cleaning of every corner and crevice.



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WORLD AND PARADISE

16/- Edgar Maass 16/-

A lay sister, with the drab clothing of her Order and the heart of a woman, nurses back to life a soldier, wounded in the Thirty Years' War.

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"Isn't it lovely . . . I was given this dear little wireless for my birthday!"



"At th' count of six, exhale an' let th' book down slowly. You can lose up to two pounds a week easy."

It seems to me

LIFE in a small flat is a continual struggle between the natural human desire to acquire junk and periodic attempts to get rid of it.

In those glossy sort of films where the working heroine lives in a handsome apartment, what interests me most is not how she can afford such a setting on her salary but what she does with her junk.

When Miss Joan Crawford and Miss Barbara Hale play the parts of career women, I can always forgive their good looks, their improbably magnificent clothes, even their foolish delay in recognising the handsome hero as a rescuer from drudgery.

But what I cannot forgive is that they never seem to have any cupboards full of old sand-shoes.

Not for them the suitcase under the bed with the garments that might come in handy for a trip to the wilds; the cardboard boxes on top of the wardrobe; the tennis racquet with broken strings behind the chest of drawers.

Presumably they are strong-minded as well as beautiful, and after such films I always come home and throw out at least two waste-paper baskets full of oddments.

THE trouble is (I am still talking about junk) that as fast as you get rid of one batch some new space-taking hobby produces more.

Round this time of year the garden shops and chain stores are always full of bulbs, bulb bowls, fibre, and alluring pamphlets on the subject.

Until this year I resisted them. Now, having taken the first step, I am not sure where it will all end.

As they need darkness till they shoot, their stowage presents a problem. The flat lacks attic, cellar, or potting shed, so at present there are four daffodils in the crockery cupboard, a hyacinth on the hat shelf, and lachenalias under the bed.

I was thoroughly embarked on this horticultural programme when the awful thought struck me that the things might bloom on my annual holiday. If so, I can see nothing for it but to take them along.

ONE of the shiny American magazines reports that a finishing school for dogs is sponsored by the Poodle Obedience Training Club of Greater New York.

Your pet can have either the basic or the advanced course for £12. Graduates of the schools, so the magazine says, never splash through puddles on the road. They jump daintily over them.

For the additional fee of £3/10/- a year you can use the clubrooms for practice. It doesn't say what sort of practice, but I think the room ought to have mirrors so that owners can train themselves in the distinguished, arrogant expression which would be required by any human taking such a well-educated dog out walking.



Dorothy Drain

YOU know the way that seagulls rest on the sandbanks or the rocks waiting for the tide to turn and bring the fish with it?

There's a Sydney shop where, in the self-service section, batches of butter are put into the freezers at intervals during the day.

Any time that you visit the shop there are a number of women and a few men standing round trying to look even more non-committal than seagulls, waiting to pounce on the butter when it arrives.

Not that I blame them. Such patience is laudable for food for the family is to be commended. Unfortunately, the butter arrival is not fixed like the tides, and you need time as well as patience.

A READER rang the other day to tell me about a notice she had seen on a baby's bath in a suburban shop.

The notice said, "Will last a lifetime." What the reader wanted to know was whether the bath was meant to last the baby's lifetime or whether the mother was expected to have a very large family.

However, a baby's bath can be useful long after the babies are grown up. Some friends of mine use theirs for making home brew.

THOUSANDS of British bird-watchers stayed up all night at 400 observer stations to record the earliest April song-bird. For the second year running the blackbird won. A Yorkshire blackbird began singing at 3.50 a.m., 16 minutes before the larks.

As one sleepy lark said to another, turning round crossly on his perch, "Hark, hark! The lark!"

AN 18-year-old surfer caught a 32-pound jewfish with his hands at Freshwater Beach, New South Wales, last week. "I was coming in on a big wave when my surf ski hit something and bounced off," he said, describing how he caught the half-stunned fish. "I was annoyed. It had spoiled a good run in."

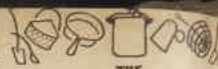
"It spoiled a good run in," he said. Oh, feckless impatience of youth! The old, old fisherman shook his head: "Spoiled a run in, forsooth!"

"We fishermen sit on the beach all night with hope and a wild surmise. We wait from dusk to dawn's first light for a Jew of half the size."

"Surfing, young man, is all very well. But, when you're old and grey, it won't provide you with tales to tell of the breaker that got away."

"But a Jewfish caught with your hands, alive! Young man, you make me vexed; It's a yarn that will last till you're seventy-five."

"Spoiled a run in! What next!"



THE Prestige KITCHEN COLUMN

by Pat Woodley

(Miss N.S.W., 1951, and
Qualified Home Economist)



"The Commodore Cooker," a wonderful Mother's Day gift," Pat. "There are so many things about it mothers appreciate."

- Its pressure can be varied to suit every type of food.
- Its capacity is 12½ pints—ideal for large families.
- It cooks by gas or electricity (Is swift, economical and simple to handle.)
- Like all Prestige products, it was designed in the U.S. manufactured in Britain yet is still inexpensive.



"Want to know how to cook, bake or roast—without lightening your large oven," Pat asked. "Lift up a Prestige Wonder-Oven! It'll save you oceans of fuel, time and trouble! It's constructed for oven-top or portable use—cooks, bakes or roasts to the same standard as your full-size oven—but uses one-third of the fuel! Use it when your larger oven is full up—when someone asks for an individual dish. It's ideal for preheating and baking sponges or cakes—recipes which demand a moist



"You can take its temperature, too—on this heat-indicator built into the cover," Pat pointed out. "Now for my monthly recipe," said Pat. "Try this Yorkshire Pudding in the Wonder-Oven!"

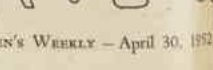
Yorkshire Pudding

Pre-heat Wonder-Oven to 450°F. 4-oz. flour and pinch of salt in bowl. Make a well in the flour. Break in 1 egg, gradually add pint of milk and an 1 pint of water, and beat well. Leave for 1 hour. Put a shallow tin on rack. Wonder-Oven with a knob dripping or lard, and allow become smoking-hot. Just before pouring batter into tin, mix teaspoon baking powder with another 1 pint of milk and 1 pint of water, add to batter, mix well. Cook at 4 for 20 minutes. Lower heat to 3 for 10 minutes.

Pat Woodley
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NEW-ING-TON! Although pretty June Jensen, with the aid of her megaphone, should with all her might for Newington to win the Head of the River, it was all to no avail. Shore was the winner. Grammar second, and Newington in third place.



SCOTS CELEBRATION. Tony Dow (left), Margaret Lane, Robin Corna, Robert Woolley, June Finlayson, and Fred Empson were among the guests at the party at Darling Point for John Robertson, who was stroke of Scots Eight.



HOSTESS Mrs. J. D. Robertson with her son, John, and Betty Horne at the party at the Robertsons' home. Streamers and balloons in the school colors of blue and gold decorated the ballroom.



GRAMMAR DANCE. Robert Buffoni (left), Janet Tucker, Leith Andrews, who raced in the Grammar Eight, and Philippa Crakantharp at the dance given by Sydney Grammar Women's Association.



PICNIC LUNCH. Grammar supporters Gary Campbell (left), Judith Wennerham, Don Benth, Pauline Douglas, Bob Spratt, and Eileen Lobwein arrived early for the regatta and lunched in the carpark before finding a good river bank position. Grammar's crew, which came second in the Head of the River, raced in a new shell presented by the school's Parents and Friends' Association, and "sister ship" to the Olympic crew's shell.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 30, 1972

Head of the River

AN excited crowd of school-boys, parents, and friends saw Shore win the Head of the River for the fourth year in succession at the G. P. S. Regatta on the Nepean.



A CHEER FOR SCOTS. Waving his hat in the air, Mervyn Ritzrow barracks for Scots with his friends Beryl Kanne, Helen Tomkins, and Vic Finney. The girls wore blue-and-yellow twin sets to represent the school colors.



PRETTY Wendy Baker had a grandstand seat as she watched the boat race from Bob Moffitt's shoulder. With them are Lois Froment and Russ Cobban.



REGATTA FANS. Warren Barrett pours tea while Peter Martin (left), Fernie Hardaker, Margaret Stead, Robin Pratt, and Doug Colley eat a hasty lunch before the boat race. Most of the cars bringing spectators to the Nepean were gaily decorated with streamers and pennants.



VICTORIOUS EIGHT and admirers! Peter Jamieson (back, left) Bob Ballhausen, John Fivers, Greg Roberts, John Warden, Ken St. Heaps, Ted Bowden, Bill Chenhall (stroke), and Rosemary Chapman, Sue Roger-Smith, Oenone Hixson, Joan Crawford, Robin Duggan, Moira McKee, Margaret Richards, Caroline Crisp, Jim Henningham, the cox, and Jan Mason at the Shore dance. The crews of all boats were guests of honor, and were enthusiastically cheered by the 300 young dancers and 60 parents present when they arrived at the school hall. During the dance an open-air supper was served in the school quadrangle.



DAILY PAINTED BOATERS were worn by Gloria Arthur and Graham Sullivan (centre), who watched the regatta with Graham Davis (left) and Jon Jonas. School-boys and their friends wearing special regatta dress varying from spectacular sky-scraper hats to sweaters striped in school colors added to the colorful riverside scene.



SHORE SUPPORTERS Adrian Smith and Delia Crowley, of Barraba (left), Max Harris, of Tamut, and Claire Bayliss ate their sandwich lunch on the banks of the Nepean. From their vantage point just above the finishing line they had a wonderful view of Shore's wins in the fours and eights.



SUPPER-TIME. Pretty girls Perdita Kemmis (left) and Patricia Morgan are offered refreshments by young Shore pupils Bill Morgan and Ross McGregor (right) at a dance in the school hall to celebrate Shore's victory. It was arranged by Mrs. L. C. Robson, wife of the headmaster, parents, and friends.



LOVELY FROCK of layers of grey-and-white spotted organza and white organza was worn by Toni Wilson, of Barraba, to the Shore dance after the regatta. Her escort was Allan Sawyer.



ST. JOSEPH'S. Barbara Lees and Bill Holt at "Joey's" dance at White City. A miniature rowing eight of flowers in the college colors, cerise and blue, held pride of place on the official table.



● Marcel Rochas' blue-green evening dress, at left, designed with a halter-strap bodice and a wide red satin skirt panel.

● Schiaparelli's blue satin short-cut evening dress, at right, is worn with a pale rose-pink stole.



Chosen in D



● Pierre Balmain uses shaded silk velvet for his tailored cocktail dress, above left. The model has a halter bodice, bell skirt, and long matching stole.

①

● Maypole dress by Maggy Roult, at left, is made in two colors, with a brief strapless bodice and enormously wide skirt. The long gloves are in satin to match the dress.

②

● Pierre Balmain's late day dress-and-jacket ensemble, at right, combines black velvet and red satin. The dress is slim and the jacket designed on loose lines.





● Spanish-born Castillo at Lanvin designed the amethyst wool suit, at left. The jacket has a large shawl collar. The skirt is flared.

● Paquin's straight-cut coat in red wool, below, has leg-of-mutton sleeves. The wide halter collar and shaped stole are made in leopard.



Paris

● Color flashes brightly and fabrics are luxurious in these eight autumn-into-winter Parisian fashions. The silhouette falls into three lines — straight and loose, slim and rounded, and bouffant, all equally important.



● Maggy Rouff's yellow organza cocktail dress, above, is worn with a black taffeta coat. The dress is sleeveless and has a low-cut collared neckline and bouffant skirt. The loose coat is designed to swing back and show the dress.

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THROWING dis-
 cussion to the winds, I burst
 out. "That's not true." I had
 no other reason. "There's
 no other reason. It's because
 of Madeline, isn't it? She's
 the one who back." Lance
 turned on me swiftly.
 "Be quiet," he said.

There was a scurry of dogs
 and Madeline burst into the
 room. "Pooh, it still reeks of
 chloroform," she almost
 shouted. "Guess what! Young
 Doctor Bennett just phoned.
 He's coming up to spend the
 week-end trout fishing, so he
 says."

With an effort Lance turned
 to his wife. "That'll be fine, to
 see Ralph Bennett again."

Madeline looked at him
 closely. "You're tired. Burning
 the candle both ends is
 taking its toll, I see." She
 waited until Lance scrubbed
 his hands. "It's into bed with
 an egg-flip for you," she said,
 gently pushing him through
 the doorway.

In a flurry of tears and frus-
 tration I clenched my fists.

"It is Madeline that has
 kept him back, I know it is,"
 I repeated over and over
 again. With the right woman
 behind him Lance Vanett
 would go far. He was abso-
 lutely brilliant with the knife.
 He worked with those fine
 fingers of his as if there were
 brains in the end of each tip.

The door of the little office
 opened quietly and Lance
 stood for a moment framed in
 the doorway. "Sister," he said.
 "There is to be no more talk
 such as there's been to-night,
 you understand?"

"No, I don't," I flung at
 him. "You owe it to the suf-
 ferers of this world to go out
 and do more in a wider field
 than you are doing here. There
 are other doctors, good general
 practitioners, who could man-
 age this place quite well."

My lips curled. "You are
 cowardly to let a woman's hurt

feelings stand between you
 and what is your duty. For
 that is what it means, isn't it?
 You wouldn't like to hurt
 Madeline's feelings by leaving
 her."

I thought to sting him into
 revealing his true feelings. The
 thought kept pecking away at
 my mind that if I could get
 Lance away to Sydney, away
 alone, if he could see me with-
 out Madeline in the back-
 ground, doing the work he
 loved, then he might come
 to love me as I loved him.

"So help me," he said.
 "I'd like nothing better than
 to specialise in surgery. But
 it is impossible, do you hear?
 I ask you never to mention it
 again." Like a blind man feel-
 ing his way, he went out and
 left me standing there.

Doctor Bennett, fair-haired
 and vital, arrived next day.

Madeline served tea all
 round. "Sister will show you
 how to catch trout, won't
 she?"

"I'm tired," I replied. "And
 I think it would do Dr. Vanett
 good to relax for a while."
 Madeline looked disappointed,
 and then brightened. "Of
 course you're tired," she said
 contritely. "And certainly
 Lance could do with a
 change."

It was early afternoon. Trout
 were reputed to bite better
 after sundown. I stood up,
 ready to go to the hospital.
 Lance had a nearby call to
 make. Madeline linked her
 arm in a motherly gesture
 through Dr. Bennett's crooked
 arm.

"I'm going to consult this
 young man about some old
 pains I've been having. You
 know the saying about a doc-
 tor's wife and family." She
 laughed her big-toothed laugh
 and piloted Dr. Bennett to-
 wards the surgery. I never gave
 what she had said a serious

I'll Never Be Sure

Continued from page 5

thought. I don't think Lance
 did, either.

I had determined on a course
 of action. As soon as the men
 were on their way to the
 river I said, "Madeline, there
 is a wonderful opening for
 Lance in a hospital in Sydney."

Madeline put her large hands
 together and bent towards me.
 "I've wanted that for him
 more than you could know."
 Tears dimmed her eyes. "But
 it could never be, no, never."

MOVING im-
 patiently, I said: "There's
 none so blind as those who
 won't see. Surely, Madeline,
 you must realise by now that
 it is you who have kept Lance
 back all these years!"

Madeline staggered to her
 feet. "I have kept him back?"
 she gasped. "What do you
 mean by that?"

"You've kept him back be-
 cause a man of Lance's ability
 needs a woman of refinement.
 You're still a country hoyden,
 although your hair is grey," I
 said.

Madeline's face blanched.
 "I never thought," she whis-
 pered. "Maybe you're right.
 Maybe Lance would be better
 without me. He might even
 have done what he did because
 of me—". She put out her
 hands as if seeking support. I
 looked at her coldly. I had
 gone a little cold inside, my-
 self. What was it Lance had
 done? Made a slip, probably
 while operating once, a long
 while ago.

"The appointment. It
 couldn't be held over for six,
 even seven, months, do you
 think?" Madeline's brown eyes
 sought mine beseechingly. Her
 thick fingers tremblingly
 brushed aside a crumb that

hung from the side of her
 mouth.

"No," I replied. "The ap-
 pointment is to be filled im-
 mediately. My uncle is selecting
 the applicant. I could write
 to him to-day, provided you
 promise you'll manage things
 in such a way that Lance goes
 alone."

Doctor Bennett, utterly be-
 wildered, called me at three
 o'clock the next morning. Mrs.
 Vanett, he said, was ill. She
 was dying, in fact. I went with
 him to Madeline's bedroom.
 She lay in the double bed. Her
 face, parchment-white, was in
 shocking contrast to her
 usually ruddy self. I could
 see she was slipping away.
 "What happened?" I fal-
 tered.

Lance Vanett turned a tor-
 tured face to mine. "There is
 nothing I can do to save her."
 He threw aside an empty
 syringe. I saw a bottle on the
 bedside table. It was half-
 empty. It had been full, un-
 opened, a few hours before.
 Full of tablets that, used in
 quantity, were a deadly
 poison.

Madeline Vanett opened
 eyes that already were drained
 of color. Her blue lips moved.
 "Lance," she said. "Lance, for-
 give me, I'm terribly sorry."

I shrank back as if from a
 blow. Those words con-
 demned me. I was as good as
 a murderer.

A few minutes later Doctor
 Bennett poured himself, and
 me, a stiff brandy. We had left
 Lance with Madeline. She was
 already dead.

He turned to me and said:
 "I can hardly believe she'd
 have done such a thing. She
 wasn't a coward. Anything
 but, in fact. She wouldn't hear
 of my telling Lance that she
 was so bad. Said she'd see

Beauty in brief:

Rule of brush

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The rule on hair brushing is . . . be
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Finally brush the hair in every direction; by now you
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A few minutes of scalp massage night and morning
 to relax the scalp, plus some light stroking with the hair-
 brush, should be sufficient to keep fine, light locks intact
 and healthy.

it out until it couldn't
 be hidden. Saving Lance, as
 usual, she was. He drugged
 heavily years ago, you know.
 It killed him professionally, of
 course."

I clutched a chair for sup-
 port.

"What was wrong with
 her?" I asked.

Doctor Bennett said, "I
 found she had a malignant
 growth. It was too late for
 anything to be done. She only
 had six months, at the longest,
 to live."

"Then, then . . ." I stam-
 mered and stopped. Every-
 thing was hideous, ghastly.

Doctor Bennett was looking
 at me queerly. "Look here, it's
 been too much of a shock.
 You'd better take it easy."

"Easy?" My voice rose in
 hysteria. "Easy, you say. I'll
 never feel easy again."

Doctor Bennett slapped me
 hard. I blinked in stupefied
 horror.

"Those last words she said.
 Did you hear them?" He
 nodded.

"Lance," she had said.
 "Lance, forgive me. I'm ter-
 ribly sorry."

Those were the words that
 have shattered my peace of
 mind. What did she mean by
 them? Had she decided, after
 thinking it over, that she
 couldn't bear to face the
 horror of slow death?

Or following my cruel
 words of the afternoon, was
 she, in her distraught state of
 mind, asking her husband's
 forgiveness for my suggested
 words accusing her of being a
 drag on his career?

I shall never know. I'll
 never be sure.

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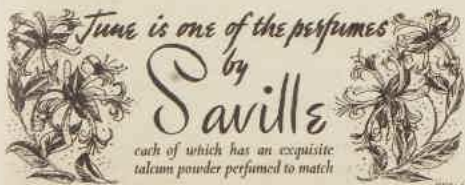
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Arrogant Male

Continued from page 4

EVER'S voice was high. "In town—" she began.

"That was in town," Bruce said. "That was before I had a chance to see this, before I understood—"

"Before you understood what?"

He shook his head, smiling still.

Eve said, "I need help, Bruce, I can't cope with them alone."

"Yes," Bruce said, "I think you do need help." He stood up. He steadied himself with one hand against the coaming. "But I'm afraid there isn't anyone who can give it. Believe me, I would if I could."

"I see."

"Do you?" Bruce said. "Do you, my dear?" His eyes dropped, rested for a moment upon her face. He smiled. "I have my fresh air now, I'll go below again." They watched him out of sight.

"Why," Eve said. "He can't—" She stopped. "So I'm jilted. It's what you wanted, isn't it? Go on, laugh. Say, 'I told you so.'"

"Sit down," Barney said. "And shut up. You're rocking the boat." He caught her wrist, pulled her down on to the seat. "It looks," he said, "as if we've got her on our hands again."

"So it would appear," George said.

"If you think—" Eve began.

"I thought," said Barney, "that I told you to be quiet."

"Why should I?"

"Because I said so," Barney said. "I think that's a first-class reason."

"Oh, you do." She felt suddenly like a very small girl, having the last word with teacher or sticking out her tongue from behind her father's back. And, inconspicuously, the concept amused

her. She looked at Barney. He, too, was grinning.

"You see?" Barney said. George hummed a little air and said nothing. "I know you," Barney said, "like the palm of my hand, like the inside of my own head."

"What head?" But she knew that it was true, that it had always been true, and the knowledge relaxed her as she had not been relaxed these many days.

She sat there, listening to the sounds of the water, the sounds of the hull, the little air which George hummed—a sprightly little air now. Looking and listening and knowing what she wanted, what she had wanted all along.

"Will you go back to town?" she said. "Go back to your job? Put on shoes?"

"No," Barney said. "We're going down to the Caribbean and George is going to wear a big white hat and smoke long cigars. And I'm going to sit in the sun and write books and draw pictures."

"I see," Eve said. And it came to her that defeat, sometimes, is not so painful after all. She looked at Barney and waited.

He was still grinning. "Want to come along?"

She felt herself smiling, but she held the smile sternly under control. "Why," she said, "I might be talked into it."

George's humming stopped. "Now," he said, "maybe we can sail this boat. Let's have a drink."

"Your ulcers," Eve said.

"They've gone out of business," George said. "I just retired."

(Copyright)

As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): April 29 may mark the end of an episode, with news on April 30 ushering in new conditions. Take a commonsense view of May 2.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): With the Greater and Lesser Fortunes in your sign, April 30 may find you extravagant. It might be desirable to scale down some of your ideas.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Consider your plan of campaign on April 27, but don't let April 29 pour cold water on you. Mercurial Gemini will be in the thick of things on May 2.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Muddled thinking and hasty judgments could cause a storm on April 26, which may, however, clear the atmosphere. If romantic, May 2 might begin a love affair.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Settle into a new routine on April 28 or 29. If May 1 strikes a jarring note when you are not feeling at your best, be patient when dealing with an awkward situation.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Second thoughts may be a factor on April 27. Consider carefully before making a choice in any direction. May 1 and 2 should be top-flight.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Pleasant but unspectacular. April 28 is excellent for minor business and social matters, while on April 30 belongings should be guarded against loss.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Where little is expected on April 29, you may exceed your hopes. Energy and drive on April 30 will be highly successful.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Only a very foolish Sagittarian would argue with a traffic cop or the boss at home or abroad on April 30. You may eat humble pie later.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Slow and steady methods bring home the bacon on April 30. May 1 is likely to carry a sound reward for past efforts.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): You could be cornered on April 26 and pushed into a situation against your better judgment. Don't commit yourself until May 1.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Pisces will ride the waves of hope on April 27. Should you flop on April 30 you'll right yourself on May 2, and even have a good laugh.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without assuming any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

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(See answer below)



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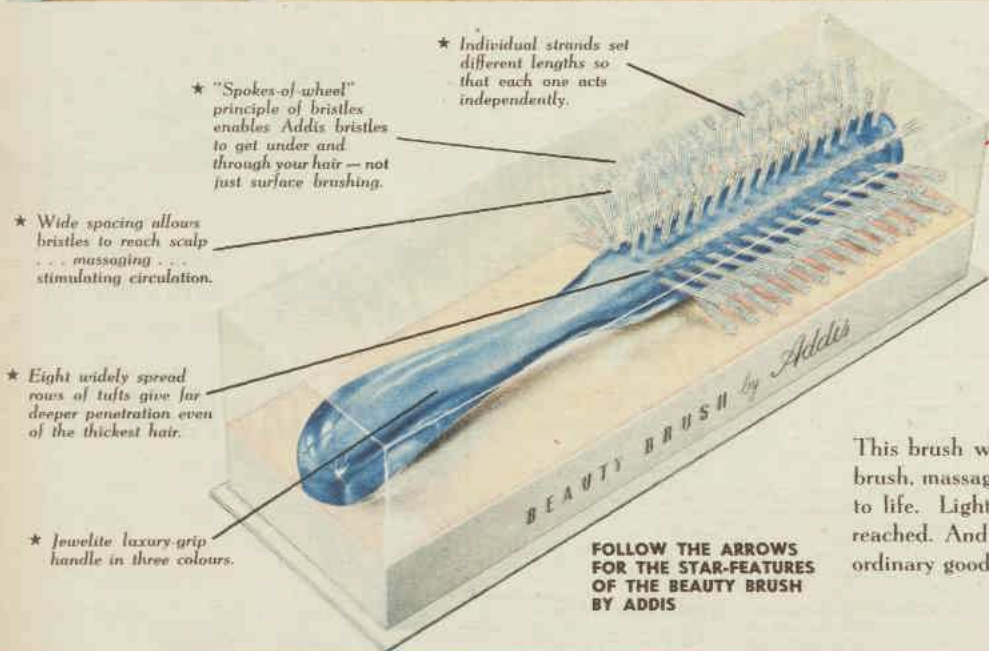


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Musicals Glance Backwards

★ The vogue of the old-time musical is sweeping Hollywood. "The Belle of New York," "The Merry Widow," and "Singin' in the Rain" (M.G.M.) offer vintage entertainment in technicolor.



FRED ASTAIRE and Vera-Ellen (above) dance into romance as a Park Avenue playboy and a flower mission worker in "The Belle of New York."

500

LANA TURNER and Fernando Lamas (left) bring back the charm of the Franz Lehar operetta "The Merry Widow" in this film revival.

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GENE KELLY and Debbie Reynolds (right), stars of "Singin' in the Rain," dance, sing, and share the fun of this musical about Hollywood during the roaring 'twenties.





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1 TREKKING into the State of Oregon with their cattle, a band of courageous mid-western farmers also bring their worldly goods and the firm determination to form a self-supporting settlement up-river from the town of Portland.



2 GUIDE Glyn McLyntock (James Stewart), a former Missouri raider, plans to settle down with the band at trail end. He is bashfully in love with Laura Baile (Julia Adams).



3 LYNCHING of suspected horse thief Cole Garrett (Arthur Kennedy) by irate miners is prevented by Glyn, who comes across party while riding ahead of train. Cole hits trail with band towards Portland.



4 DEAL to transport party upstream as far as the rapids is finalised with slick Tom Hendricks (Howard Petrie), left, in Portland. Hendricks also agrees to despatch supplies later on to the travellers.



5 LAURA and Cole remain in Portland; he becomes partner of Hendricks. Glyn returns when food fails to materialise.

BEND OF THE RIVER

AMERICA'S north-west frontier in the 1850's provides the background for Universal's technicolor action drama "Bend of the River."

In it James Stewart plays a role that is very much to his taste and talent—that of a quiet-spoken, fast-shooting adventurer.

Versatile Arthur Kennedy shares honors with Stewart in this wagon-train exploit, and cast members include Rock Hudson, Lori Nelson, J. C. Flippen, and negro comic Stepin Fetchit.



6 RIVERBOAT on which he finds supplies stacked is hijacked by Glyn as last resource. Cole goes along on the boat after Laura is persuaded to embark; they leave with Hendricks and men in pursuit.



7 FIGHTING follows Hendricks' arrival at point where Glyn has packed waggon with food from boat. Cole joins opposition and after struggle with Glyn drowns in river.



8 ORDER to waggons to make all haste in reaching starving settlement is given by exhausted Glyn after Hendricks and his supporters are dispersed. They arrive in time to stave off disaster. Glyn and Laura settle down with the pioneers.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Lavender Hill Mob

EALING'S new film "The Lavender Hill Mob" is a modest comedy built round a set of hilarious frustrations and studded with rich, wry observations of English people and customs that is highly entertaining if you have a weakness for that sort of thing.

In it, star Alec Guinness again displays his uncanny ability for characterisation as a meek Bank of England under-clerk who plots and pulls off a million-pound bank robbery.

His partner in crime is Stanley Holloway, absurd as a frustrated artist who earns his living by manufacturing gawags in a small way.

Their scheme is simplicity itself; they recruit their "mob"—two professional safe-crackers—by talking about the unguarded hoard in public places

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

and then waiting for interested parties to take the bait.

After a few minor but amusing upsets, Guinness and Holloway succeed in breaking the Bank of England; police are bamboozled by the daring raid, and Guinness is the sly hero of the piece for his supposed bravery in resisting the robbery.

The robbers' next step is to get over to Paris and pick up the loot, but there the careful scheme comes unstuck with a vengeance, and the law steps in to effect a mild surprise ending to the exploits of "The Lavender Hill Mob."

In Sydney—State.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Frankenstein," thriller, starring Boris Karloff. Plus "The Unafraid," gangster drama, starring Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine. (Both re-releases.)

CIVIC.—"Cry of the City," crime melodrama, starring Victor Mature, Shelley Winters, Richard Conte. Plus "Smoky," technicolor Western, starring Fred MacMurray, Anne Baxter. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—"Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," romantic fantasy in technicolor, starring James Mason, Ava Gardner, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—"An American in Paris," technicolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair," family comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride. Plus "The Treasure of Lost Canyon," starring William Powell.

LYRIC.—"Rhubarb," sporting comedy, starring Ray Milland, Jan Sterling. Plus "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," drama, starring Gail Russell, Edward G. Robinson. (Both re-releases.)

PALACE.—"Behave Yourself," murder farce, starring Shelley Winters, Farley Granger. Plus "Whiplash."

PRINCE EDWARD.—"My Favorite Spy," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—"La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—"The Lavender Hill Mob," comedy starring Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Audrey Hepburn. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—"An American in Paris," technicolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

VARIETY.—"Pimpernel Smith," adventure, starring Leslie Howard, Francis Sullivan, Mary Morris. Plus "Niagara Falls," comedy, starring Slim Summerville, Zazu Pitts. (Both re-releases.)

VICTORY.—"Son of Dr. Jekyll," thriller, starring Louis Hayward, Jody Lawrence. Plus "Pick-up," starring Beverley Michaels, Hugo Haas.

Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"People Will Talk," modern comedy, starring Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, Finlay Currie. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—"Breakthrough," wartime drama, starring David Brian, John Agar, Frank Lovejoy. Plus "Last of the Wild Horses," Western, starring James Ellison, Mary Beth Hughes.

MAYFAIR.—"Double Dynamite," romantic comedy, starring Jane Russell, Frank Sinatra, Groucho Marx. Plus "Circle of Danger," drama, starring Ray Milland, Patricia Roc.

PARK.—"Best of the Badmen," technicolor Western, starring Robert Ryan, Claire Trevor. Plus "Jungle Headhunters," semi-documentary in technicolor.

PLAZA.—"The Enforcer," crime melodrama, starring Humphrey Bogart. Plus "Cuban Fireball," romantic comedy, starring Estelita Rodriguez.

REGENT.—"Sons of the Musketeers," technicolor period adventure, starring Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara. Plus "The Sea Hornet," adventure, starring Adele Mara, Rod Cameron.

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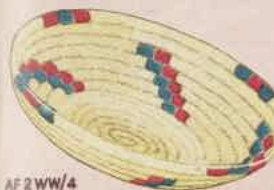


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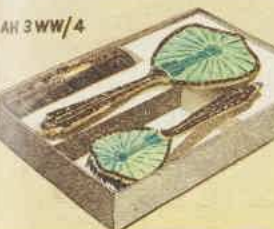
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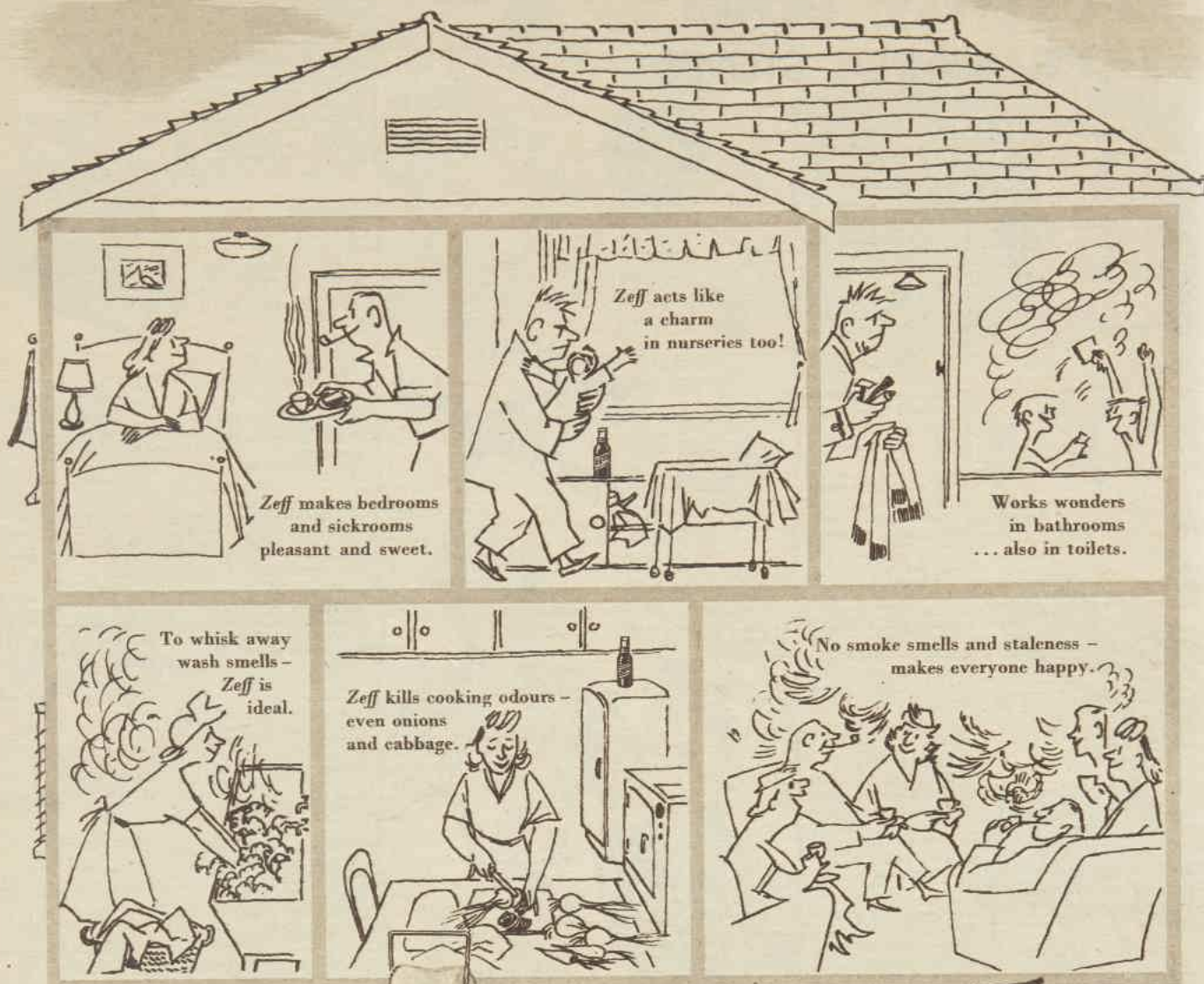
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THE NURSERY SHOULD GROW WITH THE CHILD



The nursery should be planned to meet the changing needs and outlook of the child. There is no reason why a child's room cannot be both pretty and practical.

By JOAN MARTIN

BABIES grow at such a rapid rate that before you know it your helpless infant has turned into an energetic youngster who is in mischief the moment you take your eyes off him.

While the baby can be confined to a playpen, life is relatively simple for his mother, but eventually he must be given sufficient space to satisfy his increasing needs.

The basic nursery equipment is a crib, bath, table, and a comfortable chair.

For decorative purposes you'll undoubtedly want to add some extras—a toy chest for his cuddly toys, a bookcase or shelves for the books he'll be ready for in a surprisingly short while, and any trimmings you can think of.

Don't be carried away by too many ribbons and frills. Undoubtedly they are charming—for the first week or so. After that they are only a nuisance.

The basket on a stand, illustrated above, could serve as both bed and carriage. The basket lifts off to carry; the complete unit moves easily from room to room.

The baby table could be found at most second-hand shops—it probably started life as a washstand—or could be built by a handyman.

You will notice that it has generous work space at convenient 36in. height, railed top shelf to hold soap, oil, etc., wide bottom shelf for nappies, rails at each end for washcloths, towels, and clean clothes.

At this stage you will be tempted to indulge in a rather "pretty-pretty" color scheme—palest pinks and blues, rosebuds, etc.

I agree that nothing can be more in keeping with that cuddly scrap of humanity—the baby—but very few of us are lucky enough to have a separate day nursery, so must plan our basic scheme to fit in with a more practical one later.

If your heart is set on pastel colorings, be sure that the walls or wallpapers are washable and that the curtains, no matter how

befrilled, are of durable and washable material.

There are lovely plain ginghams in pastel colorings on the market to-day in dress materials departments. Blues, pinks, yellows, and mauves are blended to produce a plaid that is sufficiently sophisticated to look well with the furniture you will later need, yet soft and simple enough for an infant's room.

This material at the windows and as a loose cover for the chair will give color and character to the room. It may be a good idea to buy a few extra yards to make into a cover for cot or bed later.

For the floor, linoleum is most practical, using inexpensive scatter-rugs for warmth if necessary.

As the infant's room gradually becomes the night-cum-day nursery, you can add more color—children love bright hues—and the pictures on the walls or the decorations on the furniture can be of current interest.

If Johnnie is at the stage when trains are his main interest, trains there should be. From magazines, books, or advertisements cut out all the pictures of trains that you can find—colored ones, of course—and these will form the basis of a fascinating mural.

Using sticky tape (the secret of its practicality is that it can be removed when necessary without leaving a mark), attach the pictures to the wall at a level to suit the child.

Also in magazines you will find illustrations of railway stations and signals, of barns and windmills, and countless other objects which may be met with on a train journey.

Do the original work yourself, but let him add to the picture.

For a girl, there are other ideas which can be carried out in a similar manner.

For instance, outline a large house with colored sticky tape—green for roof, blue for walls—and furnish it completely with pictures of furniture, etc., cut from books.

NURSERY that is both practical and pretty. Most of this furniture could be obtained second-hand and painted and adapted by the amateur decorator.

A garden, a road, a village—anything your imagination suggests—can be added from week to week.

Although more costly than separate units, built-in cupboards for clothes and to store toys are ideal in the nursery.

It is important for the child to have certain toys within reach at all times, but it is obvious that generally they should be put away and given out only at mother's discretion.

Separate wardrobes or loughboys, unless exceptionally solid, are an element of danger—a child reaching for a coveted plaything can easily unbalance it, with disastrous results.

Built-in cupboards solve that problem, but must be installed with an eye to the future, allowing plenty of room for the clothes as well as the child to become bigger.

A good light is obviously as essential in a nursery as in any other room. Young children when reading or drawing should have the light right on their work, so be sure to have side lights conveniently placed, or, if there are no side lights, have the central one strong enough to illuminate the room thoroughly.

It is an excellent idea to install a "dimmer" with your central light—your local electrician can do it for you quite simply—making it possible to "take a peep" at the sleeping child without a glare of disturbing light.

If you have two children and not a great deal of space, you may be tempted to install double bunks—they look most attractive, especially in a boy's room, where the entire decor can be nautical.

But to me, at any rate, their attractiveness is entirely offset by the difficulty I have in making up the beds.

The lower one is bad enough, but the top one strains not only my muscles but my patience!

It may not look quite as effective, but single beds placed end to end on one wall or flat against alternate walls will conserve space and be far easier to manage.

Here are some ideas on furnishing a room for a youngster:



LOW DRAWING-BOARD at a height little fingers can reach gives scope to the child's natural impulse to draw, and also safeguards your walls and woodwork.



DISUSED kitchen-table can be converted to nursery use by shortening the legs and giving the whole a coat of enamel. Decorate the apron to match the chairs.



STEPPING-STONE BLOCKS. From toddler-age upwards the child likes to play with blocks of varied sizes. They are a toy that a keen handyman can make.



THE CHILD can open the doors on this window-seat toy-box himself. It is a good idea to encourage independence by allowing him to get out his toys and put them away.

A godsend to us...

bedridden nearly
a year, now up
and about again
with new energy



If you are suffering, this letter
will interest you

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and, I am thankful to say, she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment acts



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.

In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and rid yourself of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give yourself a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood

FEATHERWEIGHT STOLE

A FEATHERWEIGHT evening stole, crocheted in 3-ply wool, is a smart and wise accessory to wear with cocktail or evening gowns.

Materials: 9 skeins "Twin-Prufe" mothproof and shrink-proof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1016, black. (This is the only wool which should be used); No. 12 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length 72in.; width 24in. at centre-back.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; l.tr., long treble; tr., treble.

Using No. 12 crochet hook, crochet 82 ch. (12in.). Work 1 row tr., 3 ch., turn. Work in l.tr. for 12in.

Next Row: Work twice into 1st st., work to last st. work twice into last st.

Next Row: l.tr.

Repeat these 2 rows 7 times, then inc. at the beg. and end of every row until inc. to 138 l.tr. When work measures 36in. work 14 rows l.tr., then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until dec. to 98 l.tr., then every 2nd row until dec. to 80 l.tr. Work the 12in. to correspond with other side.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth.



CROCHETED in black, this stole gives a sophisticated elegance. Made in a bright color, it will add a vital note to a young girl's dressing.



HAIRPIN lace edging, which can be used to border place-mats or doyleys as well as handkerchiefs, is a fascinating handicraft. To make the lace, follow the four steps illustrated (right) and the directions below.



FIG. 1

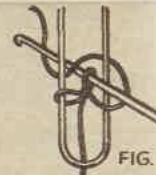


FIG. 2



FIG. 3

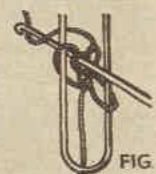


FIG. 4

Dainty edging

A PRETTY lace edging adds a feminine touch to a handkerchief. This simple edging is worked with a hairpin and crochet hook, and is attractive made in white or colored cotton.

Materials: 1 ball selected color Coats' Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 gram); 1 handkerchief; 1 hairpin (in. wide); Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3 (slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

Measurement: Depth of edging, ½ in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double-crochet; tr., treble.

HAIRPIN LACE

Step 1: Make a loop at end of ball thread (Fig. 1).

Step 2: Insert hook into loop and wind ball thread round right prong of hairpin (Fig. 1).

Step 3: Thread over hook and draw through loop, keeping loop at centre (Fig. 1).

Step 4: Raise hook to a vertical position and turn hairpin to the left (Fig. 2).

Step 5: Thread over hook and draw through loop on hook (Fig. 3).

Step 6: Insert hook in loop of left prong (Fig. 4).

Step 7: Thread over hook and draw loop through (2 loops on hook), thread over and draw through 2 loops.

Step 8: Repeat steps 4 to 7 inclusive until hairpin is filled.

Step 9: Remove all loops from hairpin, insert hairpin in last 4 loops made, and continue as before until there is sufficient to go round handkerchief. Join by working 1 sl-st. into first loop made. Fasten off.

HEADING

Twist first loop on one side once, join thread in twisted loop, 1 d.c. into same loop, *

2 ch., 1 d.c. into next twisted loop; repeat from * until there is sufficient to go along one side of handkerchief corner—1 d.c. into each of next 5 twisted loops. Now continue to work all round handkerchief, working all corners in same manner, ending with 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

EDGING

Twist first loop on other side of Hairpin Lace, join thread in same loop, 2 ch., 1 tr. into same loop as join, * 1 sl-st. into next twisted loop, 2 ch., 1 tr. into same loop as last sl-st.; repeat from * all round, ending with 1 sl-st. into same place as join. Fasten off. Sew edging to handkerchief. Damp and press.

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4083, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- Orchid Culture is Interesting and Simple.
- How, When, and Where to Plant Bulbs.
- Winter Vegetable Culture.
- How to Grow Good Spring Flowers.

Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.



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Stay Daintier!

KEEP FRESHER! First, bathe. Then rub in Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over the body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool! Divinely cool.

FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silken sheet of protection insures you against chafing.

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Cashmere Bouquet Talcum

with the fragrance men love

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS INCLUDE FACE POWDER, POWDER BASE, LIPSTICK, ROUGE, MAKE-UP & BEAUTY CREAMS

Protect yourself now against Colds with Anti-Bi-San

A course of Anti-Bi-San now can give you protection against colds throughout the winter. Anti-Bi-San acts through the blood-stream and reinforces your natural resistance during the treacherous winter months. Let Anti-Bi-San safeguard you against infection this winter.

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Guards against colds

★ In the great majority of cases, Anti-Bi-San provides protection against colds within ten days of the start of treatment.

Send for free leaflet to the Distributors:
FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD.,
34/40, Chalmers St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Shoe-shine stool

AMATEUR carpenters will find this combination shoe-shine tidy and stool easy to make.

One side of the stool is hinged so that when required it opens back and brings an inside foot-rest into position for shoe-cleaning.

The box space of the stool is used for storing shoe brushes, cloths, and polishes.

These are the directions and materials required for making:

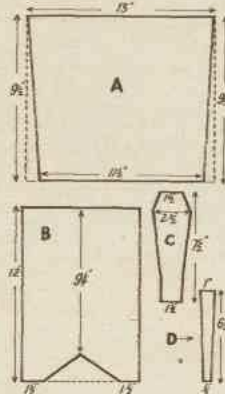
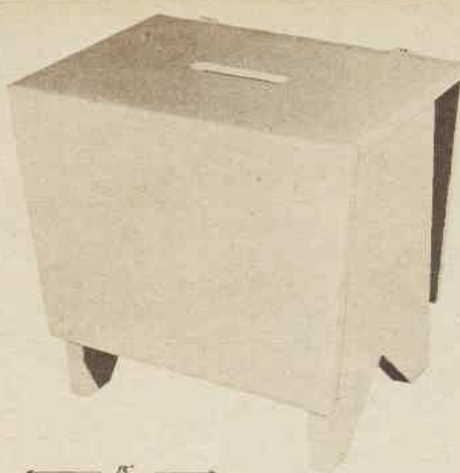
Materials: Pine or other light wood. 2 pieces 13in. x 9½in. x ¼in. for the sides; 2 pieces 12in. x 8½in. x ¼in. for the ends; 1 piece 9½in. x 8½in. x ¼in. for the bottom; 1 piece 13in. x 8½in. x ¼in. for the seat top; 1 piece 7½in. x 2½in. x 1in. for the foot; 1 piece 6½in. x 1in. x 1in. for a wedge to angle the shaped foot; 1 pair ¼in. back-flap hinges; 1 hook-catch.

Cut the two side pieces according to the measurements given in diagram A, and two end pieces as shown in diagram B.

Fit and join the piece of wood for the bottom to the cut ends, placing it so that the shaped ends of the side pieces will just cover it when they are joined on, then nail on the seat-top and one side.

Cut the foot as shown in diagram C, and join to the second side with the heel end at the wide side. The tapered piece of wood, Diagram D, is placed underneath this wooden foot, with the narrow end at the heel. This fixes the foot at a comfortable angle.

Join the second side to the seat top with back-flap hinges and with the foot on the inside. Finish the stool by screwing a hook-catch underneath the box and cut a hand slot in the seat of the stool.



DIAGRAMS above show the shaped pieces that are required for the stool. Directions and the materials required for making are given above (left). These can be extended for a larger stool.

SHOE - SHINE STOOL has storage space for shoe-cleaning materials, and a hinged side flap opens to convert it into a serviceable shoe-shine stand.

By the way...

USED steel wool won't rust if a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda is added to the water in which it is kept.

● Precaution for the wet season—fix fine wire netting over roof guttering that is likely to become clogged with falling leaves.

● The leg of a discarded pair of men's cotton pyjamas makes a good covering for an ironing board. It pulls on easily and needs little fastening.

● The easiest way to oil a door lock is to oil the key and turn it in the lock several times.

● Hang folded bedspreads on a large towel rack screwed to the bedroom door or the inside of a cupboard door. This is a convenient way to keep extra blankets out of sight, too.

● Veiling that has lost its crispness can be revived by pressing with a warm iron between two sheets of waxed paper.

● Don't bother dicing vegetables that are to be used for soup. Put them in whole and just before serving take them out, mash, and return to the soup.

● When washing hairbrushes, a little alum dissolved in the rinsing water will stiffen soft bristles.

● The canvas of deck chairs will last longer if the wood that holds the canvas is bound with strips of material.

● Tomatoes ripen much quicker if left in a bag with a small wad of wet paper.

Mothercraft bureau

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau is now located on the 6th Floor, 149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Correspondence should be forwarded to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Bournville Cocoa
— I love it!



For breakfast— and before bed too!

Start the day right with a sustaining warming cup of Bournville Cocoa for breakfast. And for supper there's nothing as satisfying and delicious as a Bournville Cocoa night-cap to induce a deep, sound sleep. With 120 full strength cups to the pound, Bournville Cocoa is the most economical food drink you can buy.



62/16/2

It's Cadbury's

The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour

The leader!—This new PARKER



It's the only pen with the Aero-metric Ink System

Graceful styling... leadership in performance... combine to make the new Parker '51' the world's most perfect pen. The remarkable Aero-metric Ink System... a wholly new, scientific method of drawing in, storing, safeguarding and releasing ink... gives the finest pen performance ever known.

When you see this grand new pen at your Parker dealer's, you'll want to own it... or give it as a very special gift.

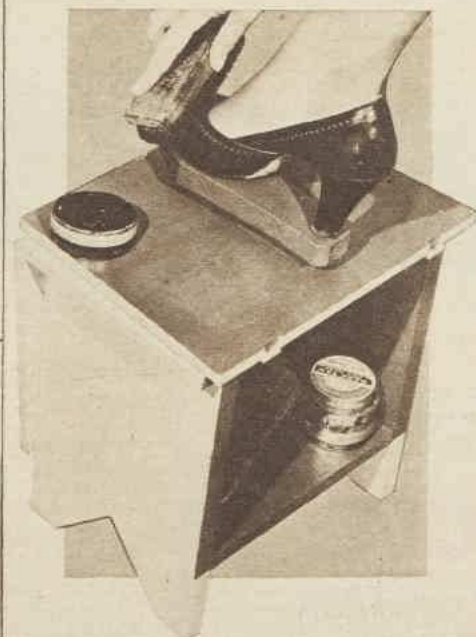
Prices:
With Rolled Gold Cap, £8/8/-
With Lustraloy Cap, £7/1/-

Parker '51'—world's most wanted pen

Distributors for Australia:

BROWN & DUREAU LIMITED,
Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.

P72



HINGED SIDE has the shoe-rest attached inside. When opened, this side rests firmly on the stool seat. The storage box and the shoe-rest surface should be painted in a dark color, but the outside can be enamelled.



a new taste thrill for you

Kia-ora

PEA SOUP with HAM

Back in the pioneering 1850's the coveted recipe for this wonderful full-bodied soup was brought to Australia, by an English housewife. Passed on through generations, the soup became famous and several years ago Kia-Ora acquired the treasured recipe. After months of testing we have brought it to perfection, and offer it to you — one of the world's great soups.

**FOOD PRICES HIGHER THAN EVER !
A KIA-ORA PANTRY SAVES MONEY.**

Kia-Ora quality canned foods cut fuel costs, save waste, save time, and they form the basis of hundreds of delicious meals. Make a weekly check of your stock of Kia-Ora Tomato Soup, Celery Soup, Vegetable Soup, Baked Beans, Spaghetti, and Tomato Juice.



Band-Aid

ADHESIVE BANDAGES
EVERY TIME!



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Never neglect the smallest injury! A cut finger, a scratch, a graze... all minor injuries need the quick first aid of Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages, the finest ready-made first aid dressing your money can buy. Protects, looks neat, promotes healing.

Carry several strips with you everywhere... ready for instant use... for every sudden emergency.

BAND-AID ADHESIVE BANDAGES are available in packets of 12, 24 or the large economy pack of 50—plenty for all the family. Ask for and insist on Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages, plain, waterproof or elastic at Chemists or stores everywhere.



PECK'S
8 Palate-pleasing PASTES
A little PECK'S goes such a long way!

The "eyes" always have it when it comes to the whole-hearted approval of Peck's Pastes, the richest flavoured, most economical of all spreads. Sandwiches and savouries, piping hot toast and meals made from "left-overs" are delicious when combined with any one of Peck's concentrated meat or fish pastes. Watch and see how your family votes for Peck's every time.

Prize recipes



CROQUETTES made from cooked meat and vegetables bound with thick white sauce are delicious served with peas and tiny potatoes cooked in their jackets.

Home-tested recipes once more carry off cash prizes in our weekly contest.

THE recipes are for an appetising savory and an economical, eggless fruit cake.

All spoon measurements are level.

SWEET CORN WITH CHEESE

Six medium-sized cobs of young corn, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute, 1 lb. cheese, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, parsley.

Drop corn cobs into boiling, unsalted water, cook 15 to 20 minutes. Add salt for last 5 minutes' cooking time. Drain, strip corn from cobs with sharp knife, place corn back in saucepan with melted butter. Place grated cheese, beaten eggs, milk, salt, pepper, and mustard into a saucepan. Stir over medium heat until cheese is melted and mixture thickened. Fold in corn. Serve on

toast, garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. M. Elder, Box 7, Post Office, Bairnsdale, Vic.

EGGLESS FRUIT CAKE

Two cups mixed fruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons coconut, 4oz. good shortening, 1 teaspoon spice, 12oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Place fruit, sugar, water, and shortening into saucepan. Boil 5 minutes, turn into basin, and allow to cool. Fold in coconut, sifted dry ingredients, and lemon rind. Turn into greased cake-tin and bake in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours. Cool on a cake-cooler, store in airtight tin when cold. Top may be iced if desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. C. Lee, 20 Burnett Street, New Norfolk, Tas.

Picture Cookery Book

APLICATIONS for our Picture Cookery Book are flowing in following last week's announcement that it is available to readers at the special concession price of 17/6.

On page 30 of this issue is an advertisement which gives full details of how you can obtain your copy.

Each step in cooking dishes is illustrated in the book with magnificent color and black and white pictures.

Here are three sample recipes taken from Picture Cookery Book:

CANARY PUDDING

Three ounces margarine, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. flour, 1 rounded teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, grated lemon rind, milk if necessary.

Cream margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sieve the flour, baking powder, and salt, add the lemon rind, and fold all into the creamed mixture. Add milk if required to give a dropping consistency. Put the mixture into a greased basin, cover with greaseproof paper, and steam for 1½ hours. Serve with sauce.

Variations on Canary Pudding

Syrup Pudding: Put 2 tablespoons golden syrup into the

greased basin before adding the pudding mixture.

Lemon or Orange: Add the finely grated rind of 1 lemon or orange after beating in the eggs.

Chocolate: Sieve 1oz. cocoa into the dry ingredients, and add a little extra liquid to mix.

Ginger: Add 2oz. chopped preserved ginger to the dry ingredients.

MARMALADE PUDDING

Four ounces flour, 1 rounded teaspoon salt, 1 rounded teaspoon baking powder, 3-4oz. suet, finely chopped or shredded, 4oz. breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons marmalade, milk to mix.

Sieve the flour, salt, and baking powder together. Add the suet and crumbs and mix well. Add the beaten egg, the marmalade, and sufficient milk to give a soft dropping consistency. Put the mixture into a greased basin, two-thirds filling it, cover with greased paper and steam steadily for at least 2 hours. Turn out and serve with marmalade sauce.

MARMALADE SAUCE

Half a rounded teaspoon arrowroot, 1 pint water, 2 tablespoons marmalade, a little lemon juice.

Blend the arrowroot with some of the water. Add the remaining water, bring to the boil and cook for 2 minutes. Stir in the marmalade and lemon juice, reheat and serve.

Keep cosy and
WARM
all
WINTER!



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NO WICKS TO TRIM!
with a
COLTON
COOK-HEATER

Heat rooms day and night—there's no restriction on the hours you can burn this silent, smokeless, odorless, "Colton" kerosene-operated Heater. All winter, live, entertain and work in an atmosphere of comfort and good cheer with the attractively designed, polished chrome "Colton"—the versatile room heater that converts to an emergency cooker. Use a "Colton" in city and country homes—and to heat the office and brew the morning tea.

COSTS A PENNY AN HOUR

*** COOKS A MEAL IN AN EMERGENCY**

When electricity is off, the "Colton" heats a room or cooks a meal with equal efficiency. Burns 35 hours on a gallon of kerosene.

ALL STORES

80,000 SOLD

The "Colton" Cook-Heater is the answer to fuel famine. 80,000 Australians can't be wrong—follow their lead.



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There's **EXTRA VALUE** in

Velveeta

KRAFT'S RICH yet MILD CHEESE FOOD



Grills to perfection

VELVEETA WELSH RAREBIT. Toast bread slices (crusts trimmed) on one side. Spread untoasted sides with Kraft Mayonnaise. Top each with tomato slices and Velveeta slices. Place under low grill heat until Velveeta is melted.



What DOCTORS have discovered about VELVEETA'S Extra Food Values...

Doctors will tell you that Velveeta is *not* an ordinary cheese. They will explain that it is a cheese food — with more necessary food elements than ordinary cheese. They will also tell you that Velveeta has extra food elements you need for perfect health.

These extra quantities of food elements include calcium, phosphates, and other vital milk minerals. Good for all the family. Essential for sound bones and teeth. Velveeta is as digestible as milk — therefore especially good for children.

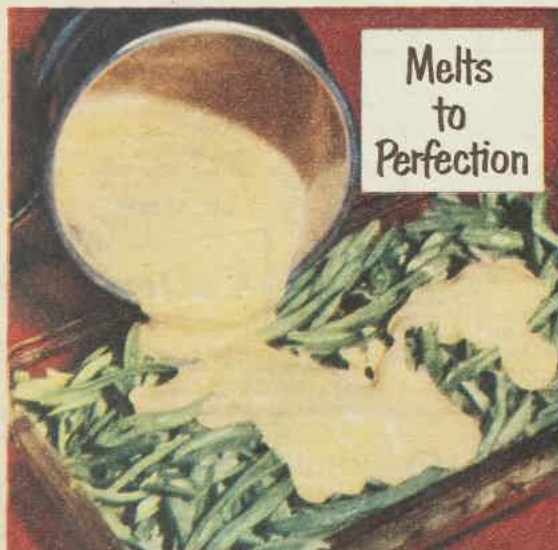
What cheesemakers will tell you about Velveeta...

Any cheese-maker will tell you that Velveeta is different from ordinary cheese because of one very important point. You know of Little Miss Muffet who sat on the tuffet "eating her curds and whey?" Whey is well-known to cheese-makers. It contains those vital food elements which are essential for the building of strong bones and sound teeth — calcium, phosphates, and milk minerals.

These elements in the whey are lost in making ordinary cheese — for the whey is run off. Gone forever. But Kraft, by a special process, restores the whey to Velveeta so that every ounce is richer in food values.

Today, more than ever before, you have to consider every penny you spend on food. You must get the best value for your money. So, ask for Velveeta — the exciting cheese food which spreads like butter, saves you butter, is richer in food values, and has a specially delicious rich-yet-mild flavour which every one loves!

Melts to Perfection



Velveeta Sauce Simply melt 6 ozs. of Kraft's nutritious cheese food Velveeta in the top of a double boiler, gradually blending in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk. Note how quickly and smoothly Velveeta melts. When you pour that rich Velveeta sauce over a vegetable dish like this, you are adding the same proteins as you get in meat — but at so much less cost! And then you get that wonderful Velveeta flavour — different, rich-yet-mild! There are so many ways to use Velveeta... never be without it!



No Butter Needed You can simply spread Velveeta straight onto bread or biscuits. You don't need butter. Velveeta tastes better without! Scientists say that Velveeta spread on bread without butter is actually better for you, too! This gives you the right — exactly right — balance of primary food elements.

For **EXTRA VALUE** buy **VELVEETA** in this **YELLOW PACKET**



Novelty Party Cakes

By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS



Illustrated on this page are cake decorations which are simple to do and which make effective additions to special occasion tea or supper tables.

DIRECTIONS given here apply only to the icing and decorating. Use your favorite recipe for the cake itself—a butter cake for the lily pond, a sponge roll for the bon-bon, and a light fruit cake for the grandfather clock.

All spoon measurements are level.

LILY-POND CAKE

One butter cake, cooked in an 8in. recess-tin, 3 patty cakes (made from some of the recess-cake mixture), 1 packet green jelly, a small quantity pale green warm icing, small quantity butter icing, cocoa or chocolate, 3 dessertspoons mock cream, water-lilies, green leaves.

Cover top rim and sides of old recess cake with butter icing, reserving sufficient to pipe brick pattern. Color reserved portion with chocolate or cocoa and pipe on to cake to represent brick wall.

Set the green jelly in the recess of the cake-tin turned upside down. When set, loosen edges and slide carefully into recess of cake.

Make three small balls of mock cream and chill thoroughly. Place one on top of each patty cake, cover completely with green warm icing. These are the "frogs." Cut mouth in each frog, mark eyes with chocolate icing. Place a "frog" and a water-lily in position on top of cake, surround cake with green leaves, and decorate with extra lilies and "frogs."

BON-BON CAKE

One swiss roll (filled with jam or jam and cream), orange-flavored butter icing, red transparent wrapping, narrow ribbon, circles and stars cut from colored paper.

Place cake on board and cover with orange-flavored butter icing. Smooth surface with knife blade dipped in hot water. When set, attach piece of transparent wrapping

(edge cut into strips) around each end of roll, pressing lightly on to icing. Gather ends up and tie with ribbon. Press paper circles and stars on top. Lift on to serving dish.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK CAKE

Fruit cake cooked in a baking dish, fondant icing, cocoa, Parisian essence, small quantity butter icing.

To cut and shape cake: Cut one oblong block 4in. x 7in. for body of clock. Round off two corners, leaving a flat end 2½in. wide for clock face to rest on. Cut a circle of cake 3½in. in diameter, for clock face, and cut a strip ½in. deep from one side so that face will rest firmly on body of clock. Cut two pieces of cake, one 6in. x 3½in. x 1in., the other 8in. x 4in. x 1in. These are for base of clock. Prepare fondant icing; leave a portion white, color balance with blended cocoa and a few drops Parisian essence.

Roll white fondant icing to ½in. thickness, cut a circle 3½in. in diameter for clock face and a strip for front pendulum opening. Brush cake all over with egg-white, place clock face and pendulum piece in position, smooth by rubbing lightly with hands coated with icing sugar. Roll chocolate icing to ½in. thickness, cut strip for around clock face and cut opening for pendulum. Place both pieces on cake and mould as before. Cover both pieces of cake to be used as base of clock. Cut a narrow strip of chocolate icing for pendulum, place in position.

Assemble clock and place on board covered with paper d'ouley. Board should have an upright portion attached to support body and face of clock. Pipe figures and hands with chocolate icing.

BUTTER ICING

Two tablespoons butter (or table margarine), 2 cups sifted icing sugar, grated orange rind or essence to flavor, milk.

A LILY-POND CAKE, above, for a children's party. The centre is filled with green jelly and the cake iced to represent the wall of a pond.

A BON-BON you can eat, right, will appeal to small boys, particularly if it is decorated with bright circles and stars.

THE HANDS set at the time of the party, the grandfather clock, below right, is an unusual decoration for a party table.

Cream butter until very soft and white, gradually add icing sugar and flavoring. Beat until very smooth, soft, and fluffy, adding a little milk (a few drops at a time). Spread over cake with knife blade dipped in warm water.

WARM ICING

Eight ounces sifted icing sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, flavoring (grated fruit rind or essence), coloring if desired.

Place thoroughly sifted icing sugar in small saucepan. Mix to a very thick paste with the boiling water, adding a little more water if necessary. Stir with wooden spoon over very low heat until smooth—a few seconds should be sufficient. Pour on to cake, spread with a knife dipped in warm water.

FONDANT ICING

Two pounds icing sugar, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons liquid glucose, 1 teaspoon vanilla, coloring as desired.

Sift icing sugar, make a well in centre. Drop in unbeaten egg-white, melted glucose, and vanilla. Work sugar in from sides, mixing to a stiff mass. Knead on board dusted with sifted icing sugar until enough sugar has been absorbed for mixture to hold its shape on the hand. Add dabs of coloring and continue kneading until evenly colored. Roll out as for pastry on board dusted with sifted icing sugar.



Make sure
YOU are safe!



LIFEBUOY guarantees you protection from B.O.

Make this 10-day test. Use Lifebuoy for ten days in your daily bath or shower—then check the difference it has made to your personal freshness.

Tests show that, from the day you start to use Lifebuoy, you start to safeguard yourself against B.O., and as you go on using Lifebuoy you build up increasingly better protection. No other soap can match Lifebuoy's protection because no other soap contains Lifebuoy's exclusive purifying ingredient.



W.304 WWS12g

"QUICK-EZE—
quickest relief from
INDIGESTION!"



Mrs. A. McAuley, of North Baddi, New South Wales, says:
"Until I started taking Quick-Eze, I suffered agonies with indigestion, but thanks to Quick-Eze I can now get relief sign of it. Apart from being so quick acting, Quick-Eze is know. It fits in my purse like a lipstick."



THE PROVED PRESCRIPTION FOR
INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN,
FLATULENCE, DYSPEPSIA,
ACID STOMACH

QUICK-EZE for INDIGESTION!



Fashion Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 643 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4069, G.P.O. Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 56-D, G.P.O. Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O. Auckland.

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6849.—Beginners' pattern for a child's hooded cape. Material required for 2 yrs., 18in. length, 1½yds. 54in. material; 4 yrs., 20in. length, 1½yds. 54in. material; 6 yrs., 23in. length, 1½yds. 54in. material; 8 yrs., 27in. length, 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/.

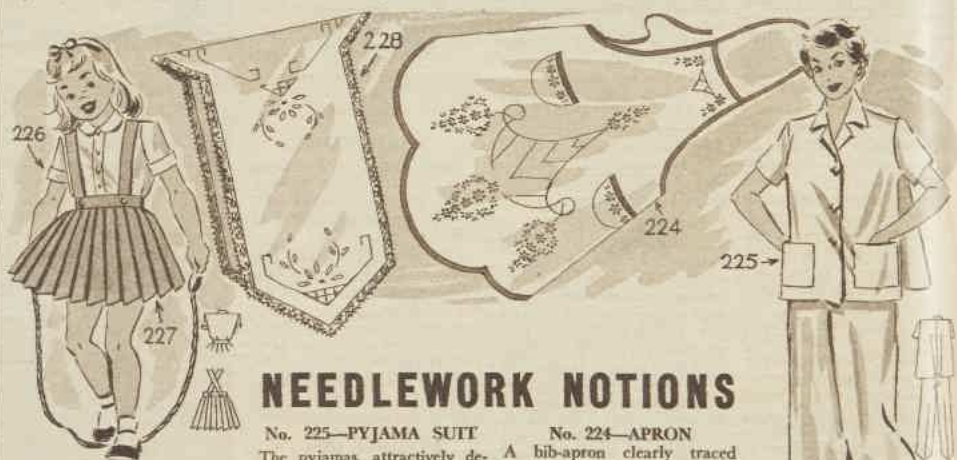
F6848.—All-round pleated skirt and smart, boxy-type jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust—32in. requires 3½yds. 54in. material; 34, 36, and 38in. requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price, 4/6.

F6852.—School tunic in sizes 20in., 23in., 27in., 31in. and 34in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material or 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F6851.—Attractive shirt-waist design, with braid bodice trim and wide hemline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and 2½yds. braid. Price, 3/6.

F6853.—Slim one-piece with draped skirt panel. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6850.—Late day suit made in lace over taffeta. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. lace and 4yds. 36in. taffeta. Price, 4/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 225—PYJAMA SUIT

The pyjamas, attractively designed on tailored lines, are obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine in sky-blue, white, and pastel-pink. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 44/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 45/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

No. 226—GIRL'S MOUSE

A trim blouse for a small girl cut out ready to make in cream cesa. Sizes: 2 yrs., 11/6; 4 yrs., 12/3; 6 yrs., 13/-; 8 yrs., 13/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

No. 224—APRON

A bib-apron clearly traced ready to embroider with a small floral design. The material is British headcloth. The color choice includes white, blue, pink, natural, lemon, and green. The bias binding is not supplied. Size: Medium, price 8/3; postage 9d. extra.

No. 227—GIRL'S SUSPENDER SKIRT

The skirt, obtainable in cesa in cream, green, or pink, is cut out ready to make. Sizes: 2 yrs., 22in. waist, 17/6; 4 yrs., 23in. waist, 18/6; 6 yrs., 24in. waist, 19/3; 8 yrs., 25in. waist, 19/11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given on this page.

"ORIGINALS" by Beutron

Jewel-like buttons created
by the world's top designers

7d. to 2/6d. each



Beutron "Originals" are like jewel-pieces . . . See the opalescent buttons, the pastel pearl buttons, the light-as-a-feather plastic buttons plated with real gold and silver. All in a wide range of individual designs, colors and sizes.

Products of G. HERRING (AUST.) PTY. LTD., Rosebery, N.S.W.



Beutron OPAL-GLO BUTTONS

1 1/4 per card
Two yards of
matching cotton

Think what a saving that is, with cotton prices what they are today — and you can't make a mistake in shade! No other buttons "pick up" fabric colors like Beutron Opal-Glo buttons—THEY ALWAYS MATCH, NEVER CLASH. Hot irons can't hurt them. You can tell dry-cleaners they're guaranteed.

JOSETTE slipped her hand into Christopher's and he led her outside; the old lady followed close behind. Christopher was shocked at the heat of Josette's small hand resting limply in his own. Children's temperatures rose when they had colds; she should be warmly in bed.

His spirits lifted a little when they got into the customs shed, for Mrs. Belchamber, to his infinite relief, was claimed. A thin, middle-aged woman in spectacles and a tweed cloak had come to meet her.

"You are Mrs. Belchamber?" she said.

The old lady turned her grimest look on the newcomer. "I'm Mrs. Belchamber—yes."

"How nice to see you. I was asked to come to meet you."

"And who asked you?" demanded Mrs. Belchamber.

Murder of a millionaire

IN 1903 a gold prospector staying at a Sydney boarding-house couldn't pay his bills.

A jewellery shop employee, Eunice McIntyre, who was staying at the same place, paid them for him and lent him enough money to return to the United States.

In 1923 he came back to Australia and married Miss McIntyre. As a wedding present, he gave her a mansion worth £200,000. For in the meantime he had become a millionaire.

In 1937 he was made a baronet, and the ex-jewellery shopgirl became Lady Oakes.

Six years later, after a party at which the Duke of Windsor was present, he was fiendishly murdered in his 20-bedroom home in the Bahamas. Yet no one was convicted.

Read the true account of this baffling mystery in A.M. for May.

The Spell

Continued from page 10

"The committee." The tone was pleasant but firm. "We have your suite all ready. Have the customs finished with you?"

"They haven't begun with me," stated Mrs. Belchamber flatly. "And I didn't ask anybody to send anybody to meet me."

The newcomer lost none of her determined amiability.

"Shall we get through as quickly as we can? We don't want the London train; ours is the branch line."

"Ours is nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Belchamber. "And I shall get through in my own time. I know where my house is, thank you. I don't need any committee to show me the way."

I shall go up to London, as I have always done, stay the night at my usual hotel, and travel down to Melhampton comfortably in the morning. I've never used that branch line, and I'm not going to begin now."

Christopher was relieved to see that the committee's smile remained fixed. He swung his cases on to the customs counter. He had great faith in the committee, which looked extremely efficient; it would have the old lady on the branch line in no time at all. His mind reverted to his own problem.

He could not drive up; visibility, which here was about twenty yards, was, he was told, nil in the London area.

However, he could send the children up by train and telephone Merrow, and Merrow could meet them and take them to the flat. But after a glance at Josette he rejected the idea.

Suddenly he felt desperate. He was tired; he had left England two days ago and the past forty-eight hours seemed a nightmare of trains, stations, changes, a babel of tongues, farewells, promises.

The fog was an unnecessary, spiteful obstacle at the end of his journey. He didn't want to go on the London train, but it seemed as though there was nothing else to be done and nowhere else to go. A feeling of frustration gripped him.

He shook it off and turned to the porter, and, as he did so, it flashed upon him that there was, indeed, somewhere to go. Not fifteen miles from here was a house where he would find shelter and a welcome. He would go to Scotty's.

Scotty was not, and made no claim to be, a Scotman. His surname was Linden, but his friends, if they ever knew it, had forgotten it.

He had been Scotty to them ever since the night following a dormitory feast, when he had wakened his companions with screams and informed them that Mary, Queen of Scots, was sitting at the foot of his bed.

His father had been a successful businessman, and at his death Scotty had inherited a good deal of money. He was a young man of simple tastes and inexpensive habits. Scotty, moreover, was of an industrious disposition and anxious to invest his money in a career that would give him exercise and profit at the same time.

He bought a fruit farm in Warwickshire; this venture failed, as did, subsequently, a chicken farm in Yorkshire, sheep in Cumberland, and cattle in the Scottish Highlands. He had then decided to try mixed farming in Kent, and now, after four years, was—to the surprise of his friends—still trying it.

Though Scotty was older than Christopher by about four years, the two men were life-long friends. Christopher had seen and deplored every project save the mixed farm, which he had never visited.

He had thought the scheme a foolish one, but he felt thankful now that Scotty had refused to take his advice about it.

Freeing himself gently from Josette's small, hot hand, he said to Robert, "Don't move. I've got to see if the car's here."

The car was here; Christopher tipped the mechanic who had brought it from the garage, and took Josette in his arms.

"Let's get going," said Christopher. "I'm going to tuck you all up in the car while I tele-

phone to a friend to say we're on our way. Ready?"

Everybody was ready. Robert and Paul were settled warily on the back seat of the car, while Christopher wound Josette into a travelling rug and placed her in front beside the driving seat.

"There!" he said. "I'll be back in a minute, and then we'll be off."

"To where, off?" inquired Robert.

"To a farm. To a nice farm where you'll see cows and things. And pigs, perhaps."

Both boys smiled; slow, attractive smiles that scarcely moved their lips but lighted up the large, beautiful eyes.

"I like the cows," said Robert.

"I like them, too," said Paul.

Christopher waited for Josette's corroborative murmur, but it was not to be heard; stooping, he saw that she was asleep. Again he felt a pang of uneasiness and apprehension, and hurried to the telephone.

PAINFULLY

perseveringly, Christopher extracted from a waspish operator the information that there was indeed a Linden, M., living at Lower Grenton.

"It's in the book if you look," she said tartly.

"It isn't in my book," said Christopher. "Can you tell me the number, please?"

"It's in the book. Did you look under the L's?"

"Yes, I did. What's the number, can you tell me?"

"It's in the Elwing area," stated the operator. "What area were you looking in?"

Christopher ground his teeth and glanced down at the book. "Elwing area," he said. "District number—"

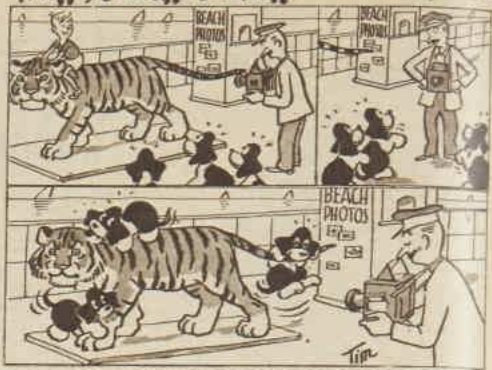
"Well, then, it's in there. It doesn't do to call inquiries if you don't need inquiries."

Christopher, willing to be convinced, flipped open the book and ran down the L's once more.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"There is," he stated slowly, "no Linden, M., in this book. Now will you very kindly give me the—"

"You're lookin' at the L's?"

He gritted his teeth. "I'm looking at the L's. I'm looking at the Elwing area. I'm looking at the January issue. I'm looking at the—"

"Oh-h-h! Well, naturally, if you look at January! Grenton wasn't in the Elwing area, not in January, and then it was changed, see?"

"I see," said Christopher. "May I have the number now?"

"Yes, you can. If you'd said you were looking in January, instead of wasting my time, I could have told you before. The number's Grenton four two four. Want to be put through?"

"Please."

He waited through a series of buzzes, squeaks, a jumble of voices, and finally a jarring whirr that pierced his ear and made him wince.

"Hello," said a voice, and Christopher squeezed the receiver to his ear in ecstasy.

"Scotty!" he shouted.

"Good heavens—it's Chris!" exclaimed Scotty in mild surprise. "Go away and ring later. I've got a cow calving."

"I'm coming over, Scotty,"

said Christopher. "Is that all right with you?"

"Over? Over here? Well, come on then—what's keeping you?"

"I've just got over from France, Scotty, and I wanted to make sure you were there. I've got three children."

A rift appeared in Scotty's equanimity. "You've what? Three?"

"They're my cousins. You know—my uncle's—"

"Oh! You mean your young earl and his little brother and sister?"

"Yes. We've just landed from France, and they're cold and tired and one of them's got a temperature."

"Well, well, well," commented Scotty. "I always thought you were the kind of fellow who kept out of trouble. Well, bring 'em along. How're you coming?"

"I've got my car here. Can you put us all up? Have you got room?"

"I've got rooms. There's nothing in 'em except beds, but we'll fix something up. There's nothing to eat except cheese and nothing to drink except milk."

"How do I get out to you?" Scotty told him grudgingly.

Please turn to page 53

From Children to Grandchildren

23 years of VELVET CARE

Says Aunt Jenny



When Aunt Jenny called on Mrs. E. Campbell—the grandmother of 14 children—at 97 Holt Ave., Cremorne, N.S.W., she learned how Mrs. Campbell's family has always been able to save on clothes and linens by passing on many of the things. Mrs. Campbell's daughter, Mrs. Wong said to Aunt Jenny—"These baby clothes have all been handed on to my son John, after years of use. You'd never know it, would you... and thanks to Velvet they'll keep that fresh look for years yet!"



"I bought this towel in 1928," smiles Mrs. Campbell. "And do you know, my 7 children and most of my 14 grandchildren all used it when they were babies. There's not a single broken thread—a real credit to Velvet washing."



Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands—so gentle to your clothes. Here's why Velvet-washed clothes last longer...



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with stumps, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy souls leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed—yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes, too!

You can say 'yes' to Romance

because Tact says 'no' to offending

Tact is Colgate's wonderful creamy, smooth cosmetic deodorant. Tact stops underarms odour instantly, checks perspiration effectively, is harmless to normal skin and fragile fabrics. Tact alone contains Durex—Colgate's exclusive ingredient which makes Tact safer. Tact lasts from bath to bath.

COLGATE'S Tact
THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT
to safeguard your charm
IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

NOT FOR THE VIVACIOUS

But for those who suffer from skin troubles—pimples or boils, GOL-CRYST Health Salts will clear the digestive system and return health to normal.

GOL-CRYST is gentle yet quickly effective. Regular doses of these Golden Health Crystals is the simple way to regain vivacity.

For Irregularity, Neuritis, Boils, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Pimples, Biliuness, Const. Blood Disorders—

GOL-CRYST HEALTH SALTS

From the laboratories of Tact, Tactipol & Co., Ltd., Melbourne.

IF BACK ACHES TRY A KIDNEY HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by too frequent urination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Cries Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Crystol, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work over-coming troubles in 3 ways. 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and rejuvenates kidneys and bladder. Get Crystol from chemist to-day under guarantee satisfaction or money back.

TOAST TASTES GOOD WITH Meadow-leaf TABLE MARGARINE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 30, 1952

The Spell

Continued from page 52

AFTER repeating the instructions, Christopher banged the receiver down and made hurriedly for the car. He whistled a soft little air, wrenching the door open. There was Josette, still asleep, and in the back, the boys—

The tune died on Christopher's lips and he stared, open-mouthed. On the back seat, between the two boys, sat Mrs. Belchamber.

"This looks," admitted the old lady grudgingly, "like an intrusion. But I should be glad of a lift up to London. That detestable creature—"

"I'm not going to London," broke in Christopher brusquely. Mrs. Belchamber glared at him angrily. "My good young man, you told me distinctly that you were driving up."

"I changed my plans," said Christopher. "I didn't see any necessity to inform you."

"Inform me? But you completely misled me! You gave me to understand that—"

"I'm sorry," said Christopher, "but I'm in a hurry to get off. A friend is waiting for us. If you'd very kindly—"

Christopher leaned over and opened the back door, holding it open politely for Mrs. Belchamber. She made no move to alight.

"I don't want to be impolite," began Christopher grimly, "but I'd be very grateful if you'd allow me to get off."

"And what do you expect me to do?" inquired Mrs. Belchamber. "The London train has gone long since. The next one is somewhere near midnight. Am I to sit in this place in the fog until midnight?"

"The lady who came to meet you will—"

Mrs. Belchamber's black hat waggled with satisfaction. "Her? She's gone. I gave her the slip."

"I wish I had your technique," said Christopher. "Good-bye."

"You can shut that door," said Mrs. Belchamber flatly. "You've got me into this scrape and now you've got to get me out. Tell me, if you please, what we're going to do."

Christopher looked round him. It was going to be difficult enough to drive as it was; if he had to go round looking for somewhere to put this detestable old woman, he would find himself belogged, stranded with three cold and hungry children.

They, after all, were his first charge; he must find them warmth and comfort, and what happened to the Belchamber was none of his affair. She had entered his car uninvited. She must go wherever he cared to take her. Without another word, he got into the car, swung into the road, and headed north.

"Where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Belchamber.

"To a friend's farmhouse. I don't know what it's like, and I don't particularly care. If it isn't up to your standards of comfort, it won't be my fault," said Christopher coldly.

There was no reply. He drew Josette towards him until her head rested against his shoulder, then he concentrated on the difficult drive ahead of him.

The car lurched and swayed; nobody spoke, and he concluded that the boys had fallen asleep. The road became a lane, then a cart track, and suddenly round a bend they saw the lights of a house. The small light dancing before them must be a torch.

Christopher edged on through the swirling whiteness, and the torch gleamed straight in front of them. He stopped, and a bulky form loomed through the mist. The car door was wrenched open and a voice boomed out.

"Well, well, you made it! Good to see you, Chris—I'll direct you," Scotty banged the door, stood on the footboard,

and piloted Christopher into a huge barn lit by two hurricane lamps.

"She'll do here," he said, stepping off and opening the car door once more. "Now come on out and let me have a look at you."

Christopher found the boys wide awake and Mrs. Belchamber looking about her with her sharp glance. He gathered the sleeping Josette into his arms, and she roused a little.

"It's all right, my sweet, we're here," Christopher told her. "You'll soon be nice and warm in bed . . . Scotty, this is Mrs. Belchamber. She missed her train."

"How d'you do. Any friend of Chris', et cetera, et cetera," said Scotty. "Come on, follow me. You two little fellows—you can give me a hand with the luggage. Avast! Heave-ho! Yo-ho-ho and there she goes! What muscle, what muscle, what hustle and bustle, what fustle and tussle and Moses! What muscle!"

Scotty had the suitcases out in a line; Robert and Paul were doing something to help, but they were finding it impossible to keep their eyes off the huge figure swinging out cases and booming out a hearty welcome.

In the uncertain, flickering light Scotty did, indeed, look a fearsome figure, and it was clear that Mrs. Belchamber's expression, as she took in details

of his appearance, was growing more and more grimly disapproving.

Scotty was six feet two, broadly built, with limbs that looked—and were—of enormous strength. He was dressed in a pair of dark blue dungarees, with a shirt that had once been white, his feet were encased in waterproof boots, into the top of which he had tucked the ends of his trousers legs.

Mrs. Belchamber's eyes travelled to his face, and as she scanned the sleepy eyes and the large, sensual-looking mouth Christopher could see that she was drawing conclusions which were to prove as fixed as they were erroneous.

She was not, he knew, the first to be misled. Scotty was a perfect model for the popular conception of raffishness. It took adults some time to realise that, like a book, Scotty was not to be judged by the cover.

Children, reading nothing in his face but indolent kindness, got at once on to terms of warm friendship. The light in the eyes of Robert and Paul showed the beginnings of hero worship, but Mrs. Belchamber's look of wary distrust deepened.

Scotty, attributing it to embarrassment at having come uninvited, increased his efforts to put her at ease.

"Now we're all here," he said. "We'll take the luggage you want, and fetch the rest in later. Fall in and follow me! Madame, your servant. Through the yard, up to the door, throw it open, Madame, or kitchen. A humble roof, and not entirely rainproof, but look at that whale of a fire!"

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 142-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

"I don't know if you'd call it done or finished!"

of his appearance, was growing more and more grimly disapproving.

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Christopher had already looked; he had pushed a large chair before it and had settled Josette comfortably. Now he straightened and looked at his friend.

"Food," he said. Scotty led him to a cupboard.

"Cheese, like I said," he answered, throwing open the door. "Cheese and bread; not much bread, but fresh—more or less. Mrs. Garcia brought it only yesterday. She does my work. Butter—in there, in that bowl. And there's milk—gallons of it. And eggs—les oufs. That's all. But we've enough for now, I trow."

"All right—bread and cheese and eggs and milk. Bedrooms?"

"Six. That's not counting the two attics where the rats romp. Go and inspect, old son."

Christopher looked round the great kitchen. The fire blazed; over the mantelpiece were two oil lamps which shed a soft glow over the room. The furniture consisted of some wooden chairs, two large cupboards, and an enormous deal table.

There was a sink in the corner, but no taps; two buckets of water stood beside it.

"No hot-and-cold," said Scotty, following his glance. "But a well and a pump. Those two young Frenchies will have us watered in no time. Eh, you two?"

Robert and Paul, gazing up at him, gave long, blissful sighs. How warm, how friendly was this England! When the black curtain of night was swept aside by the sunlight, how much there would be to look at!

While Christopher looked and the boys listened, Mrs. Belchamber's sharp nose investigated the smells. Farmyard and manure and something more—yes, that unspeakable smock hanging on a peg on the door. Milk had dried on it, soured on it.

Her nose lifted in disgust, Mrs. Belchamber walked to the door, lifted the offending garment, and, opening the door, dropped the smock outside and closed the door firmly.

"There are healthy smells," she said looking Scotty in the eye, "and there are unhealthy smells."

She walked past him and out of the room, obviously on her way to inspect the accommodation. Scotty looked after her with admiration.

"Old war horse," he commented. "Are you guardian to her as well as the others?"

"No. Never met her before we got on the train to-day, and can't shake her off. Let's give these kids something to eat, Scotty—and then into bed. They're played out."

"Supper," said Scotty. "Now then, you two, while we're getting something to eat, you go and get your things off and find a room to put 'em in. Get yourselves out a couple of night-shirts. I'm going to put this pan on the fire and make some omelets. Chris, old son, busy yourself getting that little Sleeping Beauty ready for bed. Then we'll find a bed to put her in."

Supper was eaten round the huge table. Mrs. Belchamber, her black hat still firmly on her head, carved great slices of bread and buttered them thickly. Scotty made omelets, light and golden, and put steaming jugs of hot milk on the bare board.

Robert and Paul ate like hunters, but Josette, leaning against Christopher, merely sipped some warm milk. Mrs. Belchamber eyed her uneasily.

"That child isn't well," she said. "You oughtn't to take her out of this warm room into those vaults of bedrooms."

Please turn to page 55

Inner cleanliness

puts a

SPARKLE

in your life!

Come what may, your day will be happy if you begin it with a sparkling, bracing glass of Andrews. You can't help but feel better, for Andrews acts in four ways.

FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT: Antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets.

THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY: Andrews gently clears the system and thus purifies the blood.

2/4 & 3/10

ANDREWS



the gentle laxative that ensures INNER CLEANLINESS



"there's safety in Solyptol"

Practical experience has proved the value of Solyptol Antiseptic. Solyptol prevents infection from germs of disease and insures the natural, rapid healing of all cuts and skin breaks. Play safe in YOUR home. Keep a bottle of Solyptol handy. FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Solyptol
antiseptic

If it's Povidone's—it's Pure!



Page 53



'Rover'
Reg. pdg.

BY

**Country
Club**

IN

'CORAL WEAVE 810'

— your perfect companion for leisure ashore or afloat. You will find the 'Rover' — with long sleeves or short sleeves — the most useful garment you have ever worn, for the beach, golf, motoring, yachting — in fact, for pleasant occasions anywhere. The knitted contrasting waist-band may be worn inside or outside the trousers.



LOOK FOR THE LABEL



TAILORED BY BUCKWALTER

STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are returning to their yacht, the Argos, after escaping from fire in a forest of inland Africa. Crossing wild country to reach the coast, the three

are attacked by savage head-hunters. Mandrake goes forward to meet the attackers and, gesturing hypnotically, seems to acquire two heads. The amazed savages then turn on Lothar, but they hesitate as his head seems to grow huge. **NOW READ ON:**



BAFFLED, THE SAVAGES MOVE TOWARD NARDA. AGAIN, MANDRAKE GESTURES. "HER PRETTY HEAD IS OUT OF YOUR REACH!" HE SAYS, AS NARDA'S NECK SEEMS TO GROW.



COMPLETELY AWED, THE SAVAGES DROP TO THE GROUND. "WIZARD, WIZARD!" THEY CRY. "SEPARATE — AND GET GOING FAST, WHILE I HOLD THEM HERE, WE'LL MEET IN THOSE WOODS!" WHISPERS MANDRAKE TO NARDA AND LOTHAR.



"BETTER DO WHAT HIM SAY," SAYS LOTHAR, AS NARDA HESITATES. "YOU GO IN WOODS, ME GO AROUND, WE MEET IN MIDDLE."



"HOW DID MANDRAKE DO IT?" WONDERS NARDA, NOT BEING UNDER THE HYPNOTIC SPELL, SHE DID NOT REALIZE WHAT HAPPENED. SUDDENLY, AS SHE WALKS IN THE WOODS, HER THOUGHTS ARE CUT SHORT — AS A HUGE HAND GRASPS HER!



THE HAND BELONGS TO AN ENORMOUS GORILLA! "MANDRAKE SAID THIS WAS WILD COUNTRY — ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER, SHE THINKS VAGUELY —"



AS THE GORILLA CARRIES HER OFF, SHE SCREAMS!



TERRIFIED, BUT UNHARMED SO FAR, NARDA IS CARRIED INTO A CLEARING, WHERE THE REST OF THE TRIBE ARE EATING — THEY LOOK UP WITH INTEREST AS THE BEAST APPROACHES.



NOT KNOWING WHAT THE PRIZE IS, BUT GUESSING IT'S SOMETHING TO EAT, ANOTHER APE ADVANCES TOWARD NARDA'S CAPTOR, WHO DROPS HER TO MEET THE CHALLENGER...



TO BE CONTINUED

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OINTMENT

The Spell

Continued from page 53

LADLING out helpings of cream cheese, Scotty said, "We needn't worry about the cold. We'll light fires. We'll light great, big, roaring fires and warm the old bones of the homestead."

The old bones were not long in warming up. The fireplaces were old-fashioned, but efficient. Scotty brought up wood and coal, lit fires, and propped the mattresses round them to air. He produced from somewhere threadbare blankets, and to these were added all available coats, rugs—anything that could serve as bed-covers.

The boys were put into a room next to the one allocated to Christopher; Mrs. Belchamber would, she said, have Josette in with her, and Christopher carried Josette upstairs and tucked her into her bed, which was pushed as close to the fire as possible.

Under the glow of the lamps, in the warmth of the big, leaping fires, the household settled gradually into some kind of order.

Christopher sat by Josette's bed until her eyes closed, and then, gently freeing his hand, tiptoed along the corridor to look in at the boys. They lay under a miscellaneous assortment of covering, warm and cosy.

Scotty, walking in to inspect them, asked, "Would the old lady like anything before she turns in?"

"I'll see," said Christopher. He turned and walked back along the corridor and raised his hand to knock gently on the door.

Softly though he touched it, it gave way a little, and Christopher's eyes fell on something placed on a chair just inside the room. It was Mrs. Belchamber's black hat. Fastened to it on each side was a bunch of neat grey curls.

Christopher opened his eyes to see sunshine flooding the room. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was half-past seven, and, with a jerk that freed him from his assortment of bedclothes, got out of bed and, walking from one to the other of the two large windows, looked out, getting a fair idea of the extent and position of the farm.

It was not large. The first gate visitors came to when approaching from the town of Grenton was the wide, and usually open one giving on to the farmyard. Entering this and going through a smaller gate,

The Spell

callers found themselves in a stackyard with a view of the kitchen door. Beyond the stackyard Christopher saw the barn in which the car had been left; the cowsheds, long and low, came next, beyond were stables, empty pigsties, and a fold with half a dozen calves among which moved, inconspicuously, two French sailor caps.

Christopher wondered how long they had been out there; since dawn, probably.

Looking across the fields, he saw, about two miles away, a low wooded hill and the chimneys of a large house, beyond was Grenton.

The scene was open and peaceful, and Christopher saw that Scotty had, as always, placed himself in one of nature's loveliest settings. On this June morning, with a last faint touch of mist to soften outlines, the countryside had an enchanted air.

Christopher turned from the window and pulled on his clothes hastily. Moved by an urgent desire to know how Josette had passed the night, he walked down the corridor towards her room.

As he did so, the door opened and Mrs. Belchamber came out. She was fully dressed, and on her head was the stiff black hat. He greeted her briefly and asked:

"How's Josette?"
"Ill," said Mrs. Belchamber. "She's been coughing all night, and you'll have to get a doctor. She's caught a good, thorough chill."

Without answering, Christopher went past her into the room. The fire was still burning; he realised that Mrs. Belchamber must have kept it going during the night.

Josette was lying with her head toward the blaze; as Christopher came in she turned and gave him the ghost of a welcoming smile. He sat on her bed and took a hot little hand in his.

"How are you, Josette?" he asked gently.
She coughed—a hard sound that brought Christopher's fears rushing back. "Thank you, very well."

"How do you feel?" asked Christopher.

"She feels perfectly well," said Mrs. Belchamber sharply from behind him. "But she's tired—naturally, after such a long journey—and she's got a headache. Now you go and get

a nice, sensible doctor, and he'll give her a pill and make her well in no time."

Christopher sat still, sizing up the situation. He had on his hands a sick little girl, two small boys and a detestable old woman. He must get away as soon as possible, shake off the old woman, get the boys to his flat, and put Josette under professional care.

He felt anger, but no return of the panic that had gripped him the night before. He patted Josette's hand.

"I'll get a nice doctor to come and see you," he promised, "and then you'll soon be well."

"Where is Paul?" inquired Josette.

"Paul? He's outside with Robert—where you'll soon be—playing with the baby cows and the baby chickens and the geese."

He tucked her in, rose and followed Mrs. Belchamber out of the room.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that you had a disturbed night."

"Naturally I did," said Mrs. Belchamber. "But somebody has to look after children. Now about breakfast. Do you suppose your friend has taken any steps to get us any?"

Christopher thought it unlikely. His experience told him that Scotty provided a warm welcome, simple food and ample fuel, then went outside to get on with his work.

Going downstairs in the wake of Mrs. Belchamber's poker-straight back, Christopher found a large fire burning in the kitchen, but no preparations for a meal.

"I told you," said Mrs. Belchamber. "Nothing. For the past thirty years I've been able to order my morning tea and take it before I read."

"You should have gone off on the branch line," said Christopher abruptly, and then, remembering that she had watched over Josette during the night, he spoke more gently. "I'll go out and see Scotty and find out about a doctor. The breakfast can wait."

Mrs. Belchamber gave a snort. "If there exists a more irresponsible man than you anywhere, I have yet to meet him."

Seven-thirty in the morning was not the time for an argument. Christopher opened the kitchen door and stepped outside, acutely conscious of Mrs. Belchamber standing at the doorway watching him.

The air was cold, but soft. Geese arched their necks and ran, hissing, towards him; hens cackled and pecked round his feet. He stopped, hearing voices from the direction of the cowshed.

A moment later Scotty appeared, carrying two milk buckets. At his heels came Robert and Paul, pushing a barrow laden with manure and listening entranced as he talked, while a cow casually brought up the rear.

"And that other one's the mother of that heifer I showed you—remember?" Scotty was saying. "Moss Green, she's called. This is Green Farm, and so I call 'em all greens. There's Lime Green and Sea Green—oh, and this is Olive Green. Hallo there, Chris, old son."

He set down the buckets, smiled at Chris, then turned back, gesturing at the two boys. "Useful pair," he said. "They've been helping me to clear up. Chris, caps, too. How're things indoors?"

"Not too good, Scotty, I've got to have a doctor."

"Josette bad?"

"Yes. She's coughing and she's got a temperature—I don't like it. Who's your doctor?"

Scotty eyed him a moment, dismay spreading over his face. "A doctor," he said slowly. "Oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh, dear."

To be continued

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